

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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“Whither Thou Goest”

*The First of a New Detective Series*

# What's What in Tires

By H. S. Firestone



HE car owners of America are spending about \$100,000,000 a year for tires.

Not one user in a thousand would guess that the volume of business had reached that tremendous sum. The average buyer attributes the growth and success of tire manufacturers, individually and collectively, to high price rather than large volume.

Add to this the fact that the vast majority of people know little about the basic values of a tire, the cost of materials and labor, and it is not surprising that they question whether or not they get their money's worth.

## Basis of Selection

But as tires look more or less alike outwardly, one needs to rely largely on the responsibility and experience of the manufacturer and the past record of the tire.

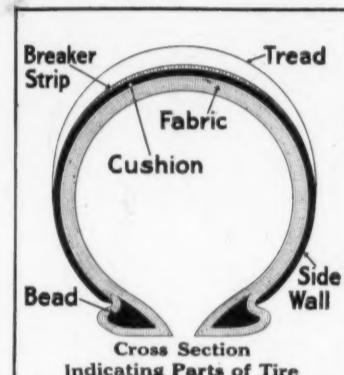
That is why "Firestone" appears on every Firestone Tire. It fixes responsibility clear down to the individual.

That is why—"Never an 'off' season in twelve years"—is put so prominently in Firestone advertising. Also why the unequalled records of these tires in the severest tests of race and tour are featured. Past performance is important.

## When the User is Used

It must not be taken for granted, however, that all poor tires are intentionally so. The costly disappointments of some tire users must be attributed to a lack of definite knowledge and practical experience among manufacturers.

The making of tires is a comparatively new industry. The "know how" regarding materials and construction is rare. And the demand has been so great that some have been tempted to allow the public to share the risk of experimental work.



Building tires is a delicate science. Quality does not just "happen." It is the result of scientific research, knowledge and practical experience. From now on, with more tires of known quality available, due to enlarged facilities, it will be a question of the survival of the fittest.

Our purpose here, and in the more specific installments to follow, is to tell the tire user what constitutes a good tire.

When car owners know the quantities of expensive materials that go into the making of really good tires—

When they know the minute care that must be exercised and the rigid standards of workmanship necessary—

Then they will appreciate why a tire costs what it does—why a good tire is worth all it costs—and why a poor tire is expensive, even at a very low price.

Many people look upon the type of pneumatic tire used as an all important element in its service value. This is not the case. **Quality** is the issue. Materials of highest quality in sufficient quantity and an unsparing degree of skill and care in workmanship are the deciding factors.

All standard types are good. Every standard type is represented in the "Firestone" line and each has demonstrated its merit because there has been supreme quality in all.

Let quality be skimped in any particular to any degree and no special type of tire is going to establish its record for service on the road.

Every process of development, from crude rubber and fibre to the finished tire must be handled by the unhurried expert.

Each piece of work must pass muster, under the eye of an uncompromising inspector if the tire is to deserve the stamp of quality at the end—if it is to deserve the quality price asked—if it is to deliver your money's worth on the road.

## Knowledge is Insurance

## Quality is the Issue

# "Firestone"

## Non-Skid and Smooth Tread Tires



Are the tires which meet all requirements of the highest standard of quality through and through

**Firestone Rubber** is almost exclusively Up-River Fine Pure Para, accurately compounded to give the greatest resiliency, the surest, fullest service in extra mileage.

**Firestone Fabric** is the highest priced combed Sea Island cotton—tested for strength—inspected inch by inch.

This fabric is completely saturated with pure Up-River Fine Para and cured into the tire. You are assured against blow-outs by Firestone Construction.

**Firestone Tires** are double cured. There cannot be a "pinch" or imperfection

in the fabric. The pure rubber in the fabric saturation, in the cushion and in the breaker wall, flow together and anchor the parts into one. You are sure of durability, secure against tread or fabric separation in Firestone construction.

In the Firestone factory, there is an expert inspector to every ten skilled tire makers. One weakness of material, one fractional inch of lack of perfect work—and the tire is rejected. Result:

When you get a Firestone Tire you can be sure of supreme service, because every possible weakness is eliminated.

You can get Firestone Tires to fit your every idea. Smooth tread or non-skid tread in all standard types.

**Firestone Quick Detachable Clincher.** Built with stiff beads. Fit all detachable rims with clincher side rings.

**Firestone Regular Clincher.** Built with pliable beads. Fit all regular one-piece clincher rims.

**Firestone Quick Detachable Straight Side.** Built with a series of wire cables in base. Non-stretchable. The type offered by some as extra size and safe against rim cuts. Fit detachable rims with straight side rings.

Service-wise car owners everywhere are avoiding frequent punctures and blow-outs—are getting most miles on the road, by specifying Firestone equipment.



**The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company** "America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers" **Akron, Ohio**



# He Who Gives Most Will Get Most

That's the sole reason why No-Rim-Cut tires outsell all other tires.

That's why the sales have trebled in the past 12 months.

That's why these tires are used today on some 200,000 cars.

Just because we gave so much that average tire bills have been cut in two. And men have found it out.

## The Tire That Became the King

This is the tire which stands today as Tiredom's undisputed king.

A tire which is now in its 13th year. But ten of those years were spent in silent obscurity, while the tire was being perfected.

Then suddenly this new type became the sensation. Users told others about it, and the others told others. The fame of this tire spread like wildfire.

In the past two years the demand for this tire has increased by 500 per cent.

Now 1,100,000 have gone into use. Now, with a capacity of 3,800 tires daily, we run night and day, with three shifts of men, to keep anywhere near up with the calls for this tire.

### Reason No. 1 Finality in Tires

One reason lies in the perfect construction.

We built a testing machine, where four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all road conditions.

There we tested some 200 fabrics, some 40 formulas for

treads. There we compared every method and material, and compared rival tires with our own.

There, by metered mileage, we proved beyond question how best to build a tire. By ceaseless selection we brought them close to finality.

### Reason No. 2 Rim-Cutting Ended

Then we invented this way to end rim-cutting.

We made a tire which doesn't hook to the rim flanges. So your removable flanges can be set to curve outward, not inward as with old-type tires.

The tire when wholly or partly deflated rests on a rounded edge,

and rim-cutting is made impossible.

We did this by making an unstretchable tire base—by vulcanizing into the tire base six flat bands of 126 braided wires.

And this method—controlled by our patents—forms the only practical way to make a tire of this type.

Statistics show that avoidance of rim-cutting saves 23 per cent of the ruin to tires.

### Reason No. 3 10% Oversize

Then we made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size, to save the blow-outs due to overloading.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

No-Rim-Cut and oversize, for armies of motorists, have cut tire bills right in two.

### Reason No. 4 8½% Profit

Our multiplied sales, plus our modern equipment, gradually cut the cost of production. Then we pared our profits down to the minimum, to give you the utmost one could give for the money.

Last year our profit on No-Rim-Cut tires averaged 8½ per cent. Below that, in tire making, no maker can go.

For all these reasons, 200,000 motorists have come to No-Rim-Cut tires. And you will join them when you know the facts.

Our 1912 Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

**GOOD**  **YEAR**  
AKRON, OHIO

### No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO**

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities  
More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits  
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.



The Home Maker

THE richest virgin soil is waiting for you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Go where you can prosper, earn a farm home in a few years—farmers have paid for their farms with one crop. First prize of \$1000.00 for best wheat in the world was awarded by American judges at the New York Land Show to a western Canadian farmer. Anyone can own land in Western Canada.

### Land From \$10 to \$30 An Acre. Ten Years in Which to Pay

The Canadian Pacific Railway offers you the finest irrigated and non-irrigated land along its lines. Land adapted to grain growing, to poultry raising, dairying, mixed farming, and cattle, hog, sheep and horse raising. Select your own land. Decide what kind of farming you want to follow, and let the Canadian Pacific Railway put you on the road to fortune.

To renters having sufficient farming experience and equipment the Canadian Pacific will loan money for a period of ten years at 6% for the purposes of erecting buildings and completing the improvements on their newly purchased Western Canadian farms.

Ask for our handsome illustrated books on Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—mention the one you wish. Also maps with full information free.

J. E. Thornton, Colonization Commissioner

### Canadian Pacific Railway

Colonization Department

112 W. Adams St., Chicago

FOR SALE—Town Lots in all growing towns



### WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

Without cash deposit, prepay the freight and allow us to ship your material.

OUR ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard-of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1919 model bicycles.

**Factory Prices** Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

**Rider Agents** everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

**THE WES. COASTER-BRAKE REAR WHEEL** latest invention, guaranteed at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-54, CHICAGO

### CHALLENGE Grand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

LINEN STYLE AND FIT without its bother and expense—they keep cleaner and wear far longer than linen.

At dealers. Collars, \$2.50; Cuffs, 50c. Style Book Free.

The Arlington Company Relocated 1913 725 Broadway, N.Y.

### STUDY High-Grade Instruction by Correspondence LAW

Prepare for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Law. Twentieth year. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several states.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law 505 Reiner Block, Chicago

### Copy This Sketch

You can make big money as an illustrator or cartoonist for newspapers or magazines. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talents. Fifteen years' practical work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you how to draw a sketch of President Taft. Let me see what you can do with it. Send it to me with \$6 in postage and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU. The Landon School of Illustrating and Advertising 1425 Schofield Bldg., CLEVELAND, O.

### STUDY at Home Legal Diploma

We make your home a university. Leading Correspondence Law Course in America—recognized by resident colleges. New text, specially prepared by 20 Deans and leading Univ. law school teachers. We guarantee to coach free any graduate failing to pass bar examination. Business Law Course. "Legally trained men always succeed." Over 10,000 students enrolled. Big money for advertising. Catalog and particulars Free. La Salle Extension University, Box 2366, Chicago, Ill.

### INVENTORS: We can manufacture for you cheaper than the big city Factory because we have very small overhead expenses, yet every convenience and up-to-date methods for making all kinds of small sheet metal articles, blanking, drawing and forming dies. Send model for estimate.

Let Us Be Your Factory.

Backus Novelty Co., Smethport, Pa.

Convert Your Bicycle into a Motor-Cycle using our Attachable Motor. It can be attached to any wheel. Also Marine and Stationary Motors and Castings. Stamp for catalog. Steffey Mfg. Co., 2940 Grand Ave., Phila., Pa.

4

## Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 73

DO you ever stop to think of the dignity of advertising to-day compared to advertising fifteen or even ten years ago?

It was once thought necessary to attract the readers' attention either by some bold statement that bordered on untruth or misrepresentation, or by some absurd picture.

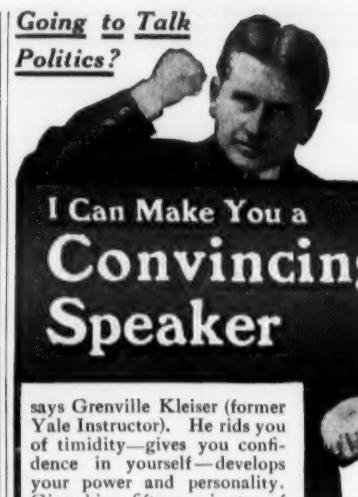
As you look through a current magazine or newspaper of the better class, aren't you impressed by the dignity and even the beauty of most of the advertising? The illustrations in many cases are true pictures of the goods themselves, and where the illustrations are used for a decoration, they enhance the value of the publication by their attractiveness.

As for the reading matter in the general run of advertisements, it is of a sane character and free from exaggeration. You are not told that you can buy the "best carpet sweeper on earth for \$—," but that the Blank Sweeper has these points of superiority and efficiency and the price isn't even mentioned. You are not told that Jones's Coffee is the only coffee worth drinking, but that it is grown and packed in a certain place, under certain conditions and the package itself has certain advantages, etc.

Advertising in the high-class publications and newspapers to-day is an appeal to the intelligent—not a bait for the unwary. You are not tricked into giving up your money, but the facts are set before you and you are left to judge whether the goods are worth a trial, and the satisfaction that leads you to reorder is what brings success to the advertiser.

T. L. Patterson  
Manager Advertising Department

Going to Talk Politics?



says Grenville Kleiser (former Yale Instructor). He rids you of timidity—gives you confidence in yourself—develops your power and personality. Give him fifteen minutes of your time daily—at home—and he will speedily teach you how to

Sell Goods—Make Political Speeches—Address Board Meetings—Deliver After-Dinner Speeches—Propose Toasts—Converse and Tell Stories Entertainingly

If you can't talk to the point, you can't carry conviction—you can't win! If you want to be a winner, write to-day for the free book, "Talking to Win," which tells all about this helpful Mail Course, and proves its value.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 481, NEW YORK



The instantaneous success of the articles on Preachers in America by Peter Clark Macfarlane has demanded an extension of the series. The pulpit and preachers form a vital topic of interest, and Collier's found from the moment it began to record the deeds and doers that it could not limit the list to six clergymen. The fifth article of the six originally planned appears in this issue—its subject RABBI STEPHEN WISE. The subject of the sixth will be the REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN of Columbus, Ohio.

The new list includes:

The REV. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS, Pastor of Central Church, the largest independent congregation of Chicago.

The REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, the pulpit orator and thinker who followed Professor David Swing in Chicago and Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott at Plymouth.

The REV. C. L. GOODELL of Calvary Methodist Church, New York City, a power in the Methodism of the country.

The REV. ALEXANDER MANN of Trinity Episcopal Church, Boston, the eminent divine who occupies the pulpit where Phillips Brooks once raised his eloquent voice.

Collier's maintains an office at Washington to answer questions and supply information about the Government. The service is entirely without charge.

Address

### Collier's Congressional Record

Munsey Building,  
Washington, D.C.

"SPORTSMAN'S DOPE"

Every admirer and player of baseball, tennis, golf, basketball, and every boxer, wrestler, angler, runner, camper, and every athlete should have a copy of "Dope". Free upon request.

H. H. MICHAELSON, 915 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y. City

Latest Book "Profitable Poultry," 120 pages plain, practical facts, 160 beautiful half tones. Tells how you can succeed with poultry. Tells about big poultry farm, 45 pure-bred varieties. Lowest prices, fowls, eggs, incubators, etc., sent for 5 cents.

BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 32, Clarinda, Ia.

Print Your Own

Order your business newspaper, 10c, \$1, \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, \$500, \$1000. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, etc.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut.

BE PROSPEROUS

MEN and WOMEN grow mushrooms at home in cellars, attics, stables, boxes, etc. Large demand; big profits. We are large growers, make best spawn and insure your success. Write for big free booklet and learn how.

National Spawn Co., Dept. 64, Boston, Mass.



## WHAT ARE YOU DOING

to gain distribution through the country storekeeper?

He is the main source of supply for that 70% of our population which lives in the real country, where Farm Journal circulates more widely than any other paper.

He'll be quick to stock and push your goods if you teach his customers to call for them. The best dealer influence is always consumer influence.

**Wilmer Atkinson Company**  
Publishers  
**FARM JOURNAL**  
Philadelphia

Just time to catch the July issue if you hurry. Closes 6/5.



## Stops Trouble Here

Dixon's Motor Graphite is the ideal lubricant. It produces on bearing surfaces a durable, almost frictionless veneer that prevents metallic contact, cutting and seizing.

When mixed with greases it may be used in many places where its use dry is inadvisable or difficult. In such cases the grease acts as a carrier, the graphite performing the important lubricating function. Dixon's Motor Graphite mixed with highest quality of mineral greases constitute

## DIXON'S Automobile Greases

Ask your dealer for No. 677 for transmissions and differentials. It is a resilient, spongy lubricant that acts as a cushion for the gear teeth. Stops the noise—prevents chipping of teeth—reduces friction.

Our free book, "Lubricating the Motor," is well worth reading. Send name and model of car.

**Joseph Dixon Crucible Co.**  
Established in 1827  
JERSEY CITY, N.J.



## Have Your Own Private STEEL GARAGE

Protect Your Car From Fire and Theft \$92.50



Have your own Garage. Make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save \$25 to \$25 monthly garage charge. Save \$50 to \$100 cost of building by ordering

**Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage**  
Shipped complete, f. o. b. Cincinnati, on receipt of \$92.50. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 10 feet wide, 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Fireproof, weatherproof, indestructible. Locks most securely. An artistic structure. Owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 741-781 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

# Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY SATURDAY

JUNE 1, 1912

VOLUME XLIX  
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ROBERT J. COLLIER, President  
FRANKLIN COE, Vice President

CHARLES E. MINER, Secretary  
JOHN F. OLTROGGE, Treasurer

416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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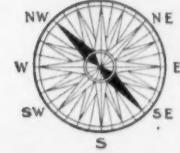
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Cover Design . . . . .	Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele
If Champ Clark Were President. Cartoon. . . . .	Drawn by Vet Anderson 7
Editorials . . . . .	8
The Mystery of the Spitball . . . . .	Will Irwin 10
News Photographs . . . . .	Illustrated with Photographs and Diagrams 12-13
The Southern Delegates. VII.—A Mississippi Machine . . . . .	14
The Unmuzzled Dr. Wise . . . . .	Peter Clark Macfarlane 15
Ships' Bulkhead Doors . . . . .	Illustrated by Jean Parke Robert H. Kirk 17
Behind the Day. Poem . . . . .	Illustrated with Diagrams Edith Wyatt 17
As it Was in the Beginning. Story . . . . .	Rachael Lea 18
Whither Thou Goest. Story . . . . .	Illustrated in Color by F. Graham Coates Edward H. Hurlbut 20
The German Squadron . . . . .	Illustrated in Color by Frederic Dorr Steele Drawing in Color by Henry Reuter Dahl 22
Reviving Comic Operas . . . . .	H. 24
The International Hotel Workers' Strike . . . . .	Mary Alden Hopkins 27
The Mission of College Snobbishness . . . . .	Joseph Medill Patterson 29
Brickbats and Bouquets . . . . .	30
Gleams . . . . .	Edwin Björkman 38
In the Passing Show . . . . .	Verses by Horace Howard Herr 39

Illustrated with a Photograph by Ralph Baird



## Buy Lots in Young Cities With a Birthright

Your father could have made thousands a generation ago by investing a few dollars in building lots in such cities as Denver, Omaha, Kansas City or Oklahoma City.

You have an equal opportunity. The Pacific Northwest must have cities; its vast agricultural wealth insures the money investment necessary to build them.

We know the Northwest—we have studied it for years—we are experts in judging Northwestern land values.

Guided by experience and in co-operation with the great railroad builders we have selected seventeen young cities, small today, but so favorably located that they must become great in a few years.

We offer at attractive prices five lots, one in each of five of these "preferred risk" young cities. Easy payments—no interest—we pay all taxes.

Write now and let us prove that this is one of the safest, sanest, most profitable investments open to the man of moderate means.

High grade men are making comfortable incomes as our representatives in their districts. We may have an opening for you.

**Northwest Townsite Company**  
308 Chestnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Original Effective Non-Skid Tire

When you drive over wet, slippery pavements or in mud, the sturdy long studs of the Staggard Tread are always ready for the emergency, like an army of little rudders that hold the wheel true to its course, preventing skidding and giving proper traction for longitudinal starts and short stops without "Spinning" or "Locking."

And when the center rows of studs are worn off (after thousands of miles of use) you still have the full-thickness plain tread of the ordinary tire and the two outer rows of studs which will prevent side-slipping for the life of the tire.

Write for our booklet giving description of this, the original effective non-skid tire.

This booklet also describes the Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tube made of the pure Para Rubber—the tube that gives 100% more riding comfort and wear than the ordinary tube.

**THE REPUBLIC RUBBER COMPANY**  
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Branches & Agencies in the Principal Cities

## REPUBLIC STAGGARD TREAD TIRES

Republic Staggard Tread Pat. Sept. 15-22, 1908



## It Requires Special Knowledge To Buy Bonds Wisely

Time was when only a government bond was considered gilt-edged. To-day there are many bonds recognized as equally safe for all practical purposes and decidedly more attractive.

But it requires special knowledge to buy bonds wisely and special training to acquire this knowledge.

We are bond specialists—just as your lawyer, on whose legal acumen and good judgment you rely, is a specialist. Our specialty is to know bonds and to buy them only after finding out all about them. Every bond we own has been purchased in the light of our special knowledge and training.

The reliability, good judgment and efficiency of E. H. Rollins & Sons, founded 1876, are safeguards for you to employ without additional cost.

We have at all times safe, desirable bonds for sale—municipal, railroad and public service. Inquire about us of your banker and write for circular No. 558.

**E. H. ROLLINS & SONS**  
Founded 1876  
Investment Bonds

Boston New York Chicago Denver  
San Francisco Los Angeles

## This Tool Will Pry Into Anything

Lifts the lid of a packing case—rips up a floor—takes down a scaffold—pulls contrary nails—pulls them high as a man can reach and straight. Does things no other tool can do. Pays for itself over and over again in nails and lumber saved.

**BONNER PRY BARS**  
are drop forged from special steel and finely tempered. Two sizes: 23 inches at \$1 and 14 inches at 75c. Ask your dealer for Bonner pry bar. If not with him, will ship you direct upon receipt of price, charges prepaid. Send your name and address. Also makers of Bonner Auto Kits, Bonner Farmer Kits, Bonner "Victor" Chain Pipe Wrench and other special purpose tools.

C. E. Bonner Mfg. Co., Champaign, Ill.

## HOTEL DRISCOLL

New, modern. Facing U. S. Capitol and park. Near Union Station and points of interest. Free baths. Music is a feature. American, \$2.50. European, \$1.00. Booklet. Ask Collier's Travel Bureau.



Shopkeepers,  
mechanics,  
manufacturers,  
electricians,  
householders—this  
is your special tool.

are drop forged from special steel and

finely tempered. Two sizes: 23 inches

at \$1 and 14 inches at 75c. Ask your

dealer for Bonner pry bar. If not

with him, will ship you direct upon receipt

of price, charges prepaid. Send your name

and address. Also makers of Bonner Auto Kits, Bonner "Victor" Chain Pipe Wrench

and other special purpose tools.

C. E. Bonner Mfg. Co., Champaign, Ill.



**If all the sales recorded last month on National Cash Registers used by retail merchants could be registered on one machine, the sales-record strip from that register would be 5932 miles long.**

It would reach from Mexico City to Portland, Maine, and from there to Portland, Oregon.

This will give you some idea of the amount of protection now being furnished to merchants of the world by our detail sales and receipt-printing registers.

These printed records save merchants both time and money, and enable them to give thought and attention to important things in their business.

If you are not sharing the benefits which other merchants derive from the use of their National Cash Registers, write us. Ask us to tell you how one of our detail sales-printers with receipt-printing attachment will benefit you.

**The National Cash Register Company**  
Dayton, Ohio

# Colliers'

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

NORMAN HAPGOOD  
EDITOR



STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



*If Champ Clark Were President*



#### CHAMP CLARK

THE DUTY of opposing so genial and popular a figure as the Hon. BEAUCHAMP CLARK in his desire to be President is an ungrateful one. It is, however, one which, desiring both parties to put their most suitable candidate forward, we cannot escape. CLARK's "break" about reciprocity was not an accident. It was characteristic. As far back as 1893 he said: "There are two pieces of ground on the North American continent that I want to see annexed to the United States. One is Cuba and the other is every foot of British North American possessions, no matter how far north they extend." One of his pet ideas is shown in the following quotation: "Abolish the Diplomatic Corps. It never was useful and sometimes it has not been even ornamental." We have several times pointed out that Mr. CLARK has never shown as much interest in any important bill as he has in getting offices for his supporters, pensions for voters, and Government appropriations for his neighborhood. This state of mind is accompanied by an intense hostility to any reduction in the spoils system. Here is an expression: "The civil service system is the greatest and most monumental fraud ever adopted or proposed in a civilized country." So great is his belief in the power of local interest that he said: "Give us as much coddling for three years as Indiana and Ohio, to say nothing of New York, have received annually for a quarter of a century, and the youngest child now slumbering on his mother's breast, though he should double-discount the remarkable age of METHUSELAH, wouldn't live long enough to see another Republican Presidential elector west of the Wabash River." What he desired was frankly stated thus: "We want true civil service accomplished by placing only Democrats on guard from Martha's Vineyard to the Aleutian Islands, and from the Lake of the Woods to the Dry Tortugas." One of the reasons for his violence toward GROVER CLEVELAND was CLEVELAND'S failure to use all of his appointments to strengthen his own party. "On March 6, 1893, in his first official act, he startled all the Democrats in the land and a great many Republicans by appointing to the highest office within his gift a sorehead Republican. According to his mugwumpish notions he could not find within the confines of the Republic a Democrat fit to be Secretary of State." CLARK's famous statement about CLEVELAND and a certain character in the Bible gains added interest from the present close alliance between CLARK and HEARST, HEARST having been busy lately likening WOODROW WILSON to this same JUDAS. CLARK said: "There are but two men in all the hoary registers of time that CLEVELAND's name ought to be associated with—JUDAS ISCARIOT and BENEDICT ARNOLD. Shades of ARNOLD, forgive the profanation. . . . I ought to beg pardon of JUDAS ISCARIOT because after his treason he did have the grace to go out and hang himself. It is sickening to think of CLEVELAND." The alliance between CLARK and HEARST is also amusing in view of the mean and unconscientious distortion that HEARST is accomplishing with WOODROW WILSON'S convictions about immigration. CLARK's views on immigration are as follows:

I believe that the wise position to take with reference to the matter is to adopt an educational test that will largely eliminate the races from the Mediterranean Europe and will not interfere to any material extent with the races of northern Europe coming in here—races of whom we can make good citizens.

There are things to say about Mr. CLARK of greater importance. These, however, illustrate our conviction that the Speaker, however amiable, however good a mixer, and however satisfactory to politicians, to big business, and to WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, is scarcely a man to lead a successful revolt against a party which can be overcome only by the capture of several of the largest Northern States that usually go Republican in Presidential years—a party which includes in its ranks a large majority of the ablest Progressives now prominent in the public eye.

#### SIMPLE DEMOCRACY

NEW HAMPSHIRE holds a convention next week to change her Constitution. One of the propositions before her is the Short Ballot. This improvement in governmental machinery is spreading fast. It was beaten in Ohio recently by 57 to 47, and New Hampshire has a chance now to do better than her sister State. Professor UPDYKE of Dartmouth has prepared an excellent pamphlet which can be procured from the National Short Ballot Organization, 383 Fourth Avenue, New York City. President ELIOT finds in this movement "the gist of all constructive reform," and WOODROW WILSON sums it up as "simplification" and as "knowing whom you have selected; knowing whom you have trusted, and having so few persons to watch that you can watch them." THEODORE ROOSEVELT says: "I believe in the Short Ballot. You cannot get good service from the public servant if you cannot see him, and there is no more effective way of hiding him than by mixing him up with a multitude of others so that they are none of them important

enough to catch the eye of the average workaday citizen." CHARLES E. HUGHES says: "The ends of democracy will be better attained to the extent that the attention of the voters may be focused upon comparatively few offices, the incumbents of which can be held strictly accountable for administration." Professor UPDYKE's pamphlet is an excellent description both of the general principles involved and of their application to the State of New Hampshire.

#### WHY ALWAYS FALSE?

THE ANTIVIVISECTIONISTS have a remarkable, almost unique, record for mendacity. The cause is their inability, without violent distortion, to make any case at all. They are now putting out a pamphlet regarding the investigations of Dr. HIROYO NOGUCHI. This pamphlet undertakes to show by quotations from the doctor's own writings that he is infecting human beings with a horrible disease. Those engaged in getting up the pamphlet must have known that the doctor was doing nothing of the sort. How, then, did they make their impression? Simply by carefully planned omissions and substitutions—by leaving out, for instance, the explanation that luetin is not a strain of living germs but an emulsion from dead germs and quite sterile, and that the procedure followed was a harmless skin test analogous to the Von Piquet test for tuberculosis. What ultimate value can there be in a movement which finds it necessary to base its reliance on carefully studied lies?

#### THEY SERVE WHO QUIT

IF THERE IS EVER a school of statesmanship, one of the elementary courses should be on resigning—not being resigned but resigning. The aspiring statesman should early be impressed that often the greatest service is to depart. He should be given courses on How to Know When and How to Do It Expediently. There is not much credit in a resignation where the officer, like the colored preacher, proudly boasted: "When da deacons hands in my resignation, I always accepts it." The patriot in office who becomes convinced, either by intuition or brickbats, that he is in the way, ought to have such training as will prompt him to march without a backward glance, a more effective way than to swing on to the door knob until the deputy sheriff is at the gate. They also serve who only quit. They serve doubly who quit in time. This little essay, you will notice, is not addressed to the Secretary of Agriculture or his chief retainer, McCABE, because they would not act upon it. They will never resign; and, therefore, what is the use of speculating on who will take Dr. WILEY's place? What could anybody do where WILEY was so fully blocked? Nevertheless, we ask whether the President happened to notice that the resolution passed by the Food Committee of the National Consumers' League in October was indorsed by the Executive Committee of that organization on May 17. The resolution was:

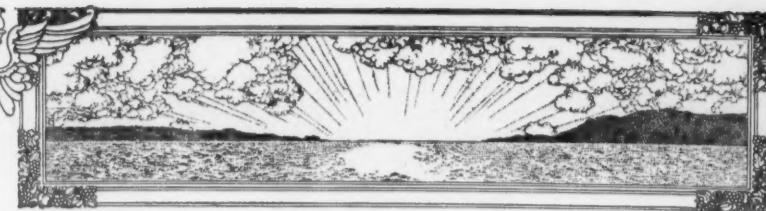
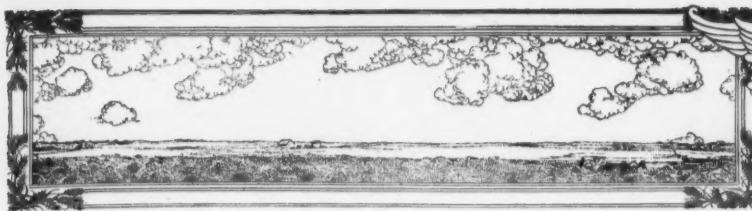
Whereas, The acceptance of Dr. WILEY's resignation as Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Federal Department of Agriculture is the most serious blow that has fallen on pure-food legislation; and

Whereas, Dr. WILEY has stated that his resignation was due to the fact that the differences between him and his superior officers respecting the enforcement of the Pure Food Law were so irreconcilable that the fundamental principles of this law one by one have been paralyzed and discredited; that interests engaged in the manufacture of misbranded and adulterated foods and drugs have escaped punishment; that officials who secretly plotted his destruction were retained in office after his exoneration of charges made against him; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the Food Committee of the National Consumers' League, deeply deplored the disorganized condition of the Department of Agriculture, urge upon President TAFT the need of immediate removal from office of the three officials—Secretary of Agriculture JAMES WILSON, Solicitor GEORGE B. McCABE, and Dr. F. L. DUNLAP—as these three officials have been directly responsible for the complete breaking down of the Pure Food Law.

#### PERSECUTION

IF A SOCIALIST were to be denied American citizenship because of a perfectly honorable and rational belief, it would be a disastrous outrage. A theory of violence is proper ground for rejection. Mere names frighten some people almost to death. What matter whether VICTOR BERGER calls himself by one name or another? He is a singularly honest, comprehending, sympathetic man, far more valuable to the community than most of his fellow statesmen. If there is any dangerous quality in the revolutionary tendencies of the day, it comes from predatory asses—dull souls, whose entire sympathy and official power goes to those who have. A stupid judge, like HANFORD, might add one hundred thousand votes to the Socialist poll for next November. A little futile and idiotic persecution goes a long way. It would certainly be proper to exclude a member of the I. W. W. who professed a belief in *sabotage*. The country has a right to say what kind of citizens it desires, but it doesn't wish anybody excluded for political beliefs to be enforced only



at the ballot box. Our views of HANFORD's general attitude were made clear during the Ballinger case. The use of the law to help one class in social contests is a dangerous wrong. The oppression of ETTOR and GIOVANNITTI in Lawrence could not be properly described without subjecting us to the charge of being sensational agitators, and as we can make our point just as well in mildness, we subdue a vocabulary more appropriate to the outrageousness of the facts.

#### THE JUDICIARY

SPEAKING OF HANFORD and his record reminds us that the general assumption at present, that the only way in which the judiciary is on trial is in its interference with the proper functions of the Legislature, is unfounded. "The Judicial Department," as JOHN MARSHALL says, "comes home in its effects to every man's fireside." HENRY M. EARLE, reporting to the City Club of New York recently, said:

Is there a lawyer in New York that ever represented a litigant that was not questioned at length on the politics of the case; before what judge may the case come, what are his political affiliations; does he know the lawyers on the other side, and their politics? Generally, the lawyers themselves are busy far in advance, studying the assignments and figuring the political aspect of an ordinary civil action. . . . Litigants hear lawyers expressing the hope that their case will not be sent to certain judges because of alleged racial differences, political animosities, the political affiliations or friendship of the judge and opposing counsel, or the flat statement that the judge is incompetent . . . maneuvering cases to or from judges for political or other reasons is treated as an important part of a lawyer's work.

Mr. EARLE went on to say that every voter knows that judges are nominated by the political leaders; that judges usually contribute to campaign funds; that politicians are constantly appointed to remunerative positions by the bench, and that in this way judges distribute hundreds of thousands of dollars of patronage annually. To take the judiciary out of politics, especially with the popular prejudice against long terms, is difficult. One immense improvement, however, in the general efficiency of the courts could be made in a moment by limiting the power of the upper courts to overrule judges and juries on technicalities. On the question of illicit assumption of power, Mayor GAYNOR, in "Bench and Bar," jeers at the judges who so absurdly distort the plain meanings of "liberty," "property," and "due process of law." He goes so far as to call the arguments "far-fetched" and "unsound," the decisions "pitiful" and "a usurpation of legislative power," and the whole reasoning "absurd."

#### HIS FAVORITE WHEELS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has two persistent and dominating ideas. One is that he can make a hit by proclaiming his own superiority to SHAKESPEARE. The other is that the difference between cowardice and courage is a superstition. His infatuation with this second conception has been shown in "Arms and the Man," in the one-act play about NAPOLEON, and in various other divisions of his work, and has recently come to the surface again in connection with the *Titanic*. SHAW's importance lies in his wit rather than in his underlying ideas.

#### COMPETITION IN SUGAR

THE MISFORTUNE will be serious if President TAFT's Tariff Board goes out of existence. Instead of being abolished, it should be strengthened and made permanent. Probably the one tariff point on which the community is almost a unit now is the Wool Schedule, and this unity has been made possible by the report of an outside body which supported the conclusions reached by fair-minded members of the House and Senate, and went further. We have in mind now another illustration of the need of such a commission. Mr. SHERIDAN is studying for the board the sugar situation. His report will enable the public to come nearer reaching a confident decision. The Government is now investigating the Sugar Trust on the side of legality. The whole question of control of beet and cane sugar by the refiners is an economic question as well as a political and legal question. If we are going to have the protective principle in existence at all, it deserves to be enforced where the country, rather than the city, will gain. Dr. WILEY, being examined on the subject, said:

I believe it to be one of the best things for the agriculture of this country that could possibly exist, because if one raises beets he must use scientific methods. Every beet-sugar field is practically an experimental station, which teaches every farmer in the neighborhood. I am in favor of protecting the sugar crop in Louisiana and all along the coast. I am not making a plea for taking the tariff off of sugar at all. . . . I want the farmers to have a fair chance in the markets, governed by supply and demand as to rise and fall, and not have everything they grow and everything they buy manipulated as to price by somebody that has nobody's interests at heart but their own.

Dr. WILEY also stated that whenever Louisiana sugar or beet sugar comes in, the price of sugar drops. He added:

When I consider the beneficial effect of this sugar industry on other agricultural industries I would go as far as it would be profitable to the farmers of the United States to maintain that industry.

Other experts supported the same contention. Members of the Sugar Trust went a long distance in admitting the competitive force of beet sugar and its increasing influence in the price of the product East as well as West. Among the men making this admission were: Mr. ATKINS, vice president and acting president of the American Sugar Refining Company; Mr. THOMAS, chairman of the Board of Directors in the same company; Mr. CLAUSS A. SPRECKELS, president of the Federal Sugar Refining Company; Mr. GILMORE, a partner in Arbuckle Brothers; Mr. JAMISON, a partner in the same concern; Mr. PARKER, president of the Brooklyn Cooperage Company.

#### QUESTIONS FOR A BOARD

LOUISIANA PRODUCERS argue that they are making tremendous strides, along with the cane producers of Texas, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines, and with the States which are interested in beet culture; that the issue is not between the buyer of grocery sugars and the producers, but between the refiner, who only whitens the sugar, and the manufacturer at the fields, who reduces cane or beet into sugar crystals; that sugar is the only article of diet which becomes steadily cheaper in successive decades; that the reason the refiners desire to lower or abolish the duty is to stop the growth of the competing industries; that the movement in Congress is being dominated by the refiners, working largely under the pretense of being a fictitious committee of wholesale grocers; that the reason bone black was taken out of the chemical bill and put on the free list was that it was the only commodity on the free list which the Sugar Trust uses; that to put beet sugar on the free list will cheapen the price at first, but almost immediately the domestic supply will be reduced about nine hundred thousand tons in continental United States, while Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines will suffer a severe reduction, possibly fifty per cent, which would mean about one million five hundred thousand tons; that before this shortage can be met by increased production elsewhere, the world's price will increase and all sugar consumed by Americans will pass through the hands of the refiners and the price go up. As these are all difficult questions, some of theory and some of fact, it is perfectly obvious that they ought to be passed upon by a commission of experts fully equipped to get at the facts and fully armed with the confidence of the public.

#### THE LOST CHILDREN

HELPING TO LESSEN the multitude of boys and girls who drop out of school for work, to safeguard this transition, and to give those in breadwinning a vision and a motive, has become a duty of the modern public school. This means the conservation of our youth resources. The Harvard University Summer School, in a course of thirty lectures by MEYER BLOOMFIELD of the Boston Vocation Bureau, next July, will deal with this vital problem. Vocational guidance is a concern not only of the school but as well of the college, of industry, and of society itself.

#### BAD LUCK AND HURRY

BAD LUCK is the kick which hits a man when he gets behind time. When one is dashing frantically around so far behind that he can merely snatch at the tails of his job, something is pretty sure to happen, and, when he comes to, his first exclamation usually is: "Bad luck!" Being late makes hurry, and hurry almost invariably causes one to overlook some detail that will lose him more time in the future. In the rush the bars are left down, the books unbalanced, the letter unread, the contract unexamined, and it is these unswept corners of a man's affairs in which the germs of bad luck breed. If a man finds himself habitually or even frequently behind with his work, one of two things is the matter: either he does not know how to work or he has too much work to do; and whichever it is, he will save time, nerve force, and money by adjusting himself to his work or his work to himself. Most frequently hurry is the result of misapplied energy rather than too much work. We rush frantically around from one task to another, doing a little here and a little there, tangling up the skeins of our duties and mislaying our tools until we are hopelessly behind and nervously wrecked. It is keeping the edges up, seeing that the belts are on and the machinery oiled, that one thing is finished before being laid aside, and that in our rush we do not put one thing where something else ought to be, merely to get it out of the way, which saves time and nerve force and avoids bad luck. The elements of swiftness do not include hurry. The greatest accomplishments are wrought by deliberate precision, and by the careful and apparently easy doing of each thing as it comes along.

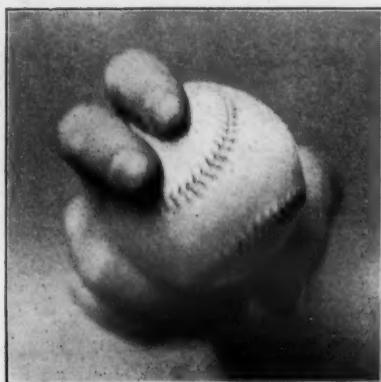


Illustration I.—How Walsh Holds His Spitball

We are now facing the ball, in the position of the batter; and it is the instant before Walsh releases the ball. As held in the first photograph to the reader's left, it will break "out"—toward the batter's right; as held in the second, straight down; as held in the third, "in"; as held in the fourth, "up."

# The Mystery of the Spitball

By WILL IRWIN

THE White Sox training camp at Waco, this spring, afforded great opportunities for the study of the tricks of pitching. Between them, the box men, recruit and veteran, "had everything." Scott, one of the most promising young pitchers in either league, uses a beautiful curve and a fast ball with a sharp jump. Lange, also, is a curve pitcher. Peters, a recruit who has already shown his merit under fire, specializes on a "fade-away" like Mathewson's. Almost any pitcher can throw that ball; but controlling it, as Peters does, is another matter. Delhi, another recruit, includes in his repertoire that rare slant, the "knuckle ball." Doc White uses as staples a left-hand curve and a very pretty slow ball or "change of pace." Every pitcher must have that slow ball in these days, but White's is of exceptional merit. Finally, Ed Walsh and "Blitzen" Benz are out-and-out exponents of the mysterious spitball, a device which White and Scott use occasionally to vary their

dark woman in Shakespeare's sonnets and the Man in the Iron Mask and the Greek accent—a profound, insoluble mystery to the learned. *Ignoramus* and perhaps *ignorabimus*. Science is baffled, journalism foiled.

However, we did make a little progress in the matter. If we did not learn the true cause, we learned what is not the cause. And perhaps our half-explanation may interest the reader. Perhaps, too, it may spur to mental action other physicists interested in the freaks and squirrel tracks of their specialty, so that the eager fans may know what makes the spitball spit.

#### WHAT THE BALL DOES

TO STATE the problem from the beginning: the pitcher about to throw the spitball wets from his mouth a spot on the surface of the baseball. He grasps the ball in the approved modern fashion between his thumb and his two first fingers, carefully fitting the fingers

grows accustomed to it, differs materially from the action of even the sharpest curve. To the inexpert eye, a curve appears only as a kind of a drift. As you stand behind the pitcher, you notice merely that the ball has started toward the catcher's left shoulder, but that he receives it beyond his right hip. But even the untrained eye cannot fail to perceive the sudden dip of the spitball. As I watched Walsh and Benz, I was puzzled by a vague memory—it reminded me of something long past. I got it at last. In the rushing sluices of the West, I have often watched a piece of driftwood approach a cleat which trailed on the surface of the water. The driftwood, just as it neared the obstacle, would give a sudden dip. Exactly similar is the action of the spitball—except that, unlike the driftwood, it does not return to its old course upon clearing the imaginary obstacle. I say obstacle advisedly, for it seems always as though the ball had met some kind of resistance which flicked it aside from its course.

Now many theories, some of them very bizarre, have been advanced to explain this action. Perhaps only three are worthy of our attention. In the early days of spitball pitching, when Stricklett and Chesbro held batters in the hollow of their cunning hands, it was thought that the wet surface accounted for this action. In those days the pitchers used to "mess up" all one side of the ball, making it an uncertain thing for the fielders to handle. Rough-and-ready natural philosophers were of the opinion that the wet surface created irregular friction, or that the weight of the saliva "tipped the ball over." As a matter of fact, Walsh, among others, gave the lie to this theory by proving that a very small wet spot worked just as well as a whole sticky side. The wet spot on the ball, as Walsh throws it, is frequently no larger than a silver half-dollar—just enough to fit under the tips of his two fingers. Later, an expert advanced a second theory. The ball, he thought, began its flight without spin (so far he was right). Then, at a point near the plate, it began for some mysterious reason to revolve rapidly, thus producing suddenly the motion of the curve. The third theory, and the one to which I urge most respectful attention, is advanced by Christy Mathewson, "Doc" White, Russell Ford, and several other pitchers who play ball with their higher nerve centers.

#### THE THEORY OF THE AIR CUSHION

THE ball, owing to the wet surface, slips off the fingers without spinning; and it does not revolve during its entire flight. A spinning ball, whether it revolves on an axis at an angle to the line of flight—which is the action of all curve balls—or on an axis parallel to the line of flight—which is the action of the rifle bullet or of some fast pitched balls—is always boring into the

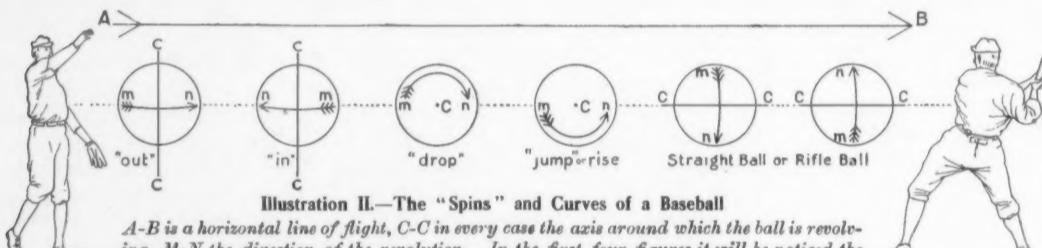


Illustration II.—The "Spins" and Curves of a Baseball

A-B is a horizontal line of flight, C-C in every case the axis around which the ball is revolving, M-N the direction of the revolution. In the first four figures it will be noticed the axis (C-C) is at right angles with the line of flight (A-B). In such motion one side of the ball is moving faster than the other. This produces unequal pressure. In the last two figures the axis is parallel with the line of flight. There is no unequal movement or pressure, and the projectile travels steadily and true.

deliveries. Indeed, the other clubs on the circuit call the Sox a "spitball team," so much do they depend upon this latest improvement in delivery. With such material at hand, it were tempting Providence not to have my little fling at a question which has been agitating baseball for the past decade: what makes the spitball behave as it does?

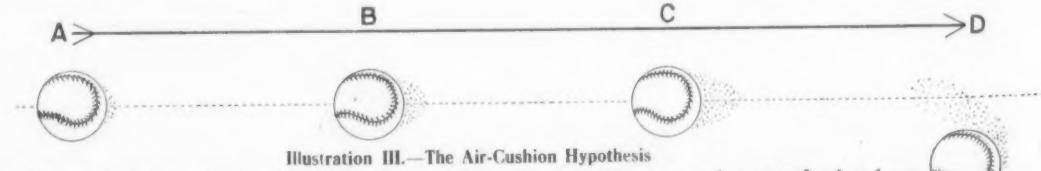
ED WALSH AND SCIENTIST BOTH STUMPED

NATURALLY, the first person I consulted was big Ed Walsh, the greatest spitball pitcher of his generation. Walsh, like most of his fellow craftsmen, has perfected his art not by reasoning from cause to effect, but solely by muscular memory. He practices and practices until he gets the effect he wants, and then studies to repeat the motions which produced it. And while he admitted great curiosity about the matter, he had no explanation to offer. "It's a puzzle to me," he said. "I'll be blamed if I know why it acts that way."

I set to work with confidence to solve this great scientific and sporting mystery. And after a month of investigation, of experiments in the Princeton Physics Laboratory, of consultation with two Princeton professors, I am back with Walsh. I'll be blamed if I know. The Princeton professors flounder in the same slough of ignorance. They admit officially that they'll be blamed if they know. Of only one thing are they sure; this action of a moving body under certain peculiar conditions is a new phenomenon to them, and possibly to the whole scientific world. The spitball is with the

over the wet spot. Then he throws, usually with all his force, straight out toward the plate, finishing with a jerk which gives extra speed, but which is very trying to the arm. This method of holding is shown in the photographs of Ed Walsh's hands (illustration I).

The ball, like any other projectile, describes a parabola. But owing to its speed, the variation from the horizontal is so slight that it appears to follow a straight line for about three-quarters of its flight to the plate. Then it cuts the caper which makes this ball so hard to hit. Without the slightest preliminary variation, it jumps from its course—"breaks," as they say in baseball slang. With one rare exception, which we may ignore here, that break is always downward. It may, however, be straight down, or to right or left of the vertical plane along which it has been traveling. In fact, most spitball pitchers have no means of knowing, when they let go, what direction the break is going to take. That motion, once the eye of the layman



A-B-C-D is the line of flight. The ball, as it moves forward, accumulates more and more molecules of compressed air on its front surface, until at D it "ducks" away from the point of greatest resistance into free air.



**Illustration IV**

*Delhi's knuckle ball "cocked" above the head*

up the molecules before it. As it goes on, it accumulates a cushion of compressed air, in the form of a cone. The point comes when it feels this pressure and seeks, according to the law of all moving bodies, the line of least resistance. It "ducks away" to get into free air; and because of the momentary checking of its flight, the force of gravitation gets hold of it, wherefore it ducks toward the earth. Here the reader may assist the eye of the mind with the eye of flesh by consulting illustration III.

A little observation disposed of theories one and two. Benz, Scott, and White have less velocity with the spitball than Ed Walsh, who can scarcely throw his favorite ball except at the very top of his unusual speed. Therefore, their pitching is easier to study. And, so far as the inaccurate human eye can judge, their "spitters" travel from the hand of the pitcher to the glove of the catcher practically without spin. At the instant of the break, the ball appears to take a little half-turn, and no more. All this is more easily determined than most skeptical readers will allow. A new white American League baseball is marked not only with conspicuous seams, but with a blue trade-mark nearly as large as a silver dollar. Standing behind either the pitcher or the catcher, one can determine its position in air all the way.

Then I discovered a factor new to my ignorance. Delhi, as I have said, has a "knuckle ball." This rare maneuver is badly named. It should be called the "nail ball" or the "finger-tip ball." As the pitcher raises his arm over his head, he draws up the joints of his thumb and fingers until the ball is held between their tips. He throws, finishing with a jerk toward the plate. At the moment of release, he pops out his finger tips in the manner of a man flicking a paper wad from his thumb with his finger nail. (Consult illustrations IV and IVa.) Now this ball, also, travels without spin—the "cocking" and release of the fingers is only a device to produce the effect. *And it has, so far as the eye can judge, the same curious line of flight as the spitball.* From these facts, it would appear, first, that the wet surface has nothing to do with the behavior of the ball after it leaves the hand, and second, that the immediate practical cause of the break taken by both spitball and knuckle ball is the fact that they do not revolve.

Have patience with me; for I must state still another

air, edging the molecules out of its way. (Illustration II will show the difference between these forms of revolution.) But the spitball, traveling without spin—"dead," as they say in baseball—piles

League. As pitchers went on to perfect this delivery, they learned that it was rendered more effective if they so managed that loose, feeble grip as to send the ball away without a spin. And, as thrown by such a cunning hand as the good left of Doc White, it also travels from hand to glove and makes not a single revolution.

#### BILLY SULLIVAN'S "WONDER BALL"

NOW by all our preconceived notions, such a ball should merely describe a weak, high parabola; however slackly it be thrown, it should go in a vertical plane from pitcher to catcher. As a matter of fact, it does nothing of the kind. While it does not break sharply, it wavers and wanders from side to side, on an irregular line. Illustration V shows some of the patterns which I have observed Doc White's slow ball trace in the air.

Billy Sullivan, the wise and cunning old catcher, has a wonderful variation on this ball; for he seems to be able to make it travel in a predetermined course. Sullivan has for years varied the monotony of passing to pitchers in practice by perfecting a slow ball. His skill with this trick is now the delight and admiration of all the pitchers who have seen it; for this ball appears to describe the double curve, which old-time theorists of the game considered impossible. It travels straight from his hand for a few feet. Then it moves rather sharply to the right. After a few more feet in that direction, it turns back into its original course. All this occurs before the ball has reached the highest point of its flight,

used to be thought a result of friction—which would, as a matter of fact, produce a result exactly opposite.

So there you are; a ball spinning around an axis at an angle to the line of flight curves more or less; a ball thrown without any spin jumps from its line of flight; and apparently the only way of making it go straight is to imitate the action of the rifle ball, and revolve it on an axis parallel to the line of flight.

But now comes another puzzle. I have purposely omitted mention of Ed Walsh's methods; for his ball seems to be an exception. Walsh stands out among spitball pitchers not only because of his speed and control, but because he can determine the direction of the "break." In other words, he can tell when he lets the ball go whether it will swerve to right, to left, or straight down. He attributes this to his method of holding, and perhaps illustration I, which is composed of photographs of Walsh's hands, and illustration VIII, which is a diagram of the same thing, will explain better than any words of mine. The fourth photograph of illustration I shows the rarest maneuver which Walsh has in his bag of tricks. It is his underhand spitball, which finishes with a little upward jump. In every case, please note, the break of the ball is toward the position of the thumb.

Now Walsh's spitball differs from those of Benz, Scott, and the others in that it does have a slight spin. It seems to make five or six turns in its course. Of course, it acquires what spin it has from the thumb; and these breaks take exactly the direction of a curve ball spun in the same manner. Yet a curve ball, as I have shown, turns not five or six times in its course to the plate, but hundreds of times; and still the spitball as thrown by Walsh breaks more sharply and at a greater angle than almost any curve. I know of only one other pitcher who can with certainty determine the direction of the break on his spitball—Russell Ford of the Highlanders. And his testimony is pertinent here. "Throw a spitter dead, without any spin at all," he says, "and you haven't the slightest idea how it is going to break. Give it just a little spin from the thumb, and you can make it break like a curve, in the direction of the spin. Give it too much spin, and it won't break at all."



*Delhi's knuckle ball as it leaves his hand*



**Illustration V.—Patterns by Doc White**

*Viewed from above. The flight of a few of his slow balls, as observed in the White Sox training camp at Waco. The human eye is inaccurate; but these diagrams were sketched on the spot from the course which these balls seemed to take*

which comes, of course, about halfway to the plate. From there on it travels straight. (Illustration VI.) After Billy Sullivan got his spring arm into shape, I watched him throw that ball scores of times in succession. Sometimes he failed; but nine times out of ten he could do it. Sullivan always holds the seams in a certain relation to the line of flight (illustration VII), and at the moment when the missile changes course, it seems to take a little lazy half-turn. This has led to the theory, among some of the skeptical baseball reporters, that it is all moonshine—an optical illusion. Perhaps so. The human eye is inaccurate. I but record this phenomenon as it seems to my imperfect eyes and to the far better eyes of Sullivan, of White and of Walsh—who declares that if he had that ball he would want nothing else except a little speed.

So here are three devices of trick pitching which have a common characteristic of method and a common effect. The spitball, the knuckle ball, and the slow ball are all thrown without spin; and they all refuse, consistently, to move to the objective along the regular expected parabola.

Now a word concerning that question of the spinning ball. Owing to the peculiar construction of the human propelling machinery, it is, under ordinary circumstances, impossible to throw anything with speed and without spin. The next time you see a crowd of boys playing ball, watch the flight of the missile. You will see that it always takes many rapid revolutions—so many, in fact, that it is impossible to count them. All these spinning balls, except those spun on an axis parallel to the line of flight, have a slight variation from the regular parabola—in short, a curve. (Consult illustration II.) However, the delivery of the inexperienced player does not curve enough to make a perceptible difference. To produce an effective curve, one must give the ball an abnormal spin. Instantaneous photography has proved the rapidity of this revolution. A reflex camera, geared to one-one-thousandth of a second, will frequently catch a baseball just as it comes from the bat of a Cobb, a Wagner, or a Myers. In this case the ball shows as a perfect sphere, every seam apparent. But when such a camera catches a curve ball as it leaves the hand of the pitcher, the missile appears as a spheroidal blur, so rapid is its spinning motion. And in this state of rapid revolution, one side is traveling faster than the other. It is a law of physics—Bernoulli's theorem—that the greater the speed the lower the pressure. That irregular pressure, exerted on one side more strongly than on the other, pushes the ball evenly from its line of flight. Incidentally, science has only recently arrived at this explanation. The curve

It seems to make five or six turns in its course. Of course, it acquires what spin it has from the thumb; and these breaks take exactly the direction of a curve ball spun in the same manner. Yet a curve ball, as I have shown, turns not five or six times in its course to the plate, but hundreds of times; and still the spitball as thrown by Walsh breaks more sharply and at a greater angle than almost any curve. I know of only one other pitcher who can with certainty determine the direction of the break on his spitball—Russell Ford of the Highlanders. And his testimony is pertinent here. "Throw a spitter dead, without any spin at all," he says, "and you haven't the slightest idea how it is going to break. Give it just a little spin from the thumb, and you can make it break like a curve, in the direction of the spin. Give it too much spin, and it won't break at all."

#### THE APPEAL TO SCIENCE

WITH these data in my possession, I sought scientific aid. I consulted Professor Augustus Trowbridge of the Princeton Physics Department. He listened with the proper spirit of scientific skepticism to my statement that a ball sent without revolution through the air would behave in this highly unconventional manner.

"If that is so, it should be easy to demonstrate," he said. "You know, we illustrate the principle of the curve to our classes by dropping a spinning ivory ball into water. The water, being more dense than air, exaggerates the action. Why not drop a 'dead' ivory ball into water and see how it acts?"

Suiting the action to the word, Professor Trowbridge filled with water a glass tank perhaps two feet deep, and produced an ivory ball about as big as a walnut, which he set spinning with a special apparatus. He dropped it, still in a state of rapid revolution, into the tank. It curved widely.

"Now drop that ball into the water dead," he said.

"and we shall see."

I fancied a superior tone in the professor's voice. With an assumption of confidence which I did not feel, I let go the ball.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed Professor Trowbridge.

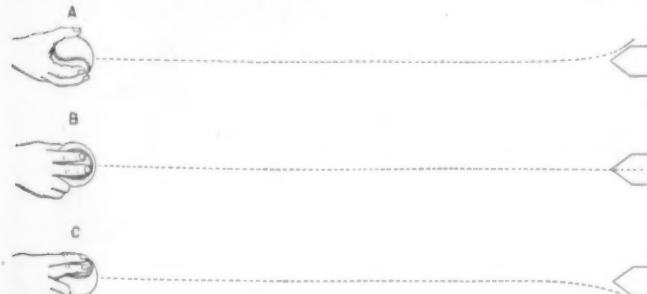
(Continued on page 28)



**Illustration VI.—Billy Sullivan's Slow Ball**

*Viewed from above. Nine times out of ten Sullivan can make that ball describe the line of flight shown here. Of course, the distance between the mound and plate is greatly reduced*

factor. One of the necessary devices in the modern pitcher's repertoire is the slow ball, or change of pace. Modern batting and coaching have become so clever that all balls must be thrown now with the same apparent motion. Therefore, the pitcher about to send up a "slow one" is under the necessity of imitating the preliminary motions of a fast ball up to the very moment when the missile leaves his hand. He accomplishes this by holding the ball loosely in his fingers—so loosely that his grip would not break the thinnest-shelled egg. So it loses all effect of "whip" or jerk; from a full rapid swing the ball comes weakly toward the plate. This maneuver is comparatively new. E. C. Patterson, now advertising manager of COLLIER'S, discovered it in the nineties when he was pitching in the New York State

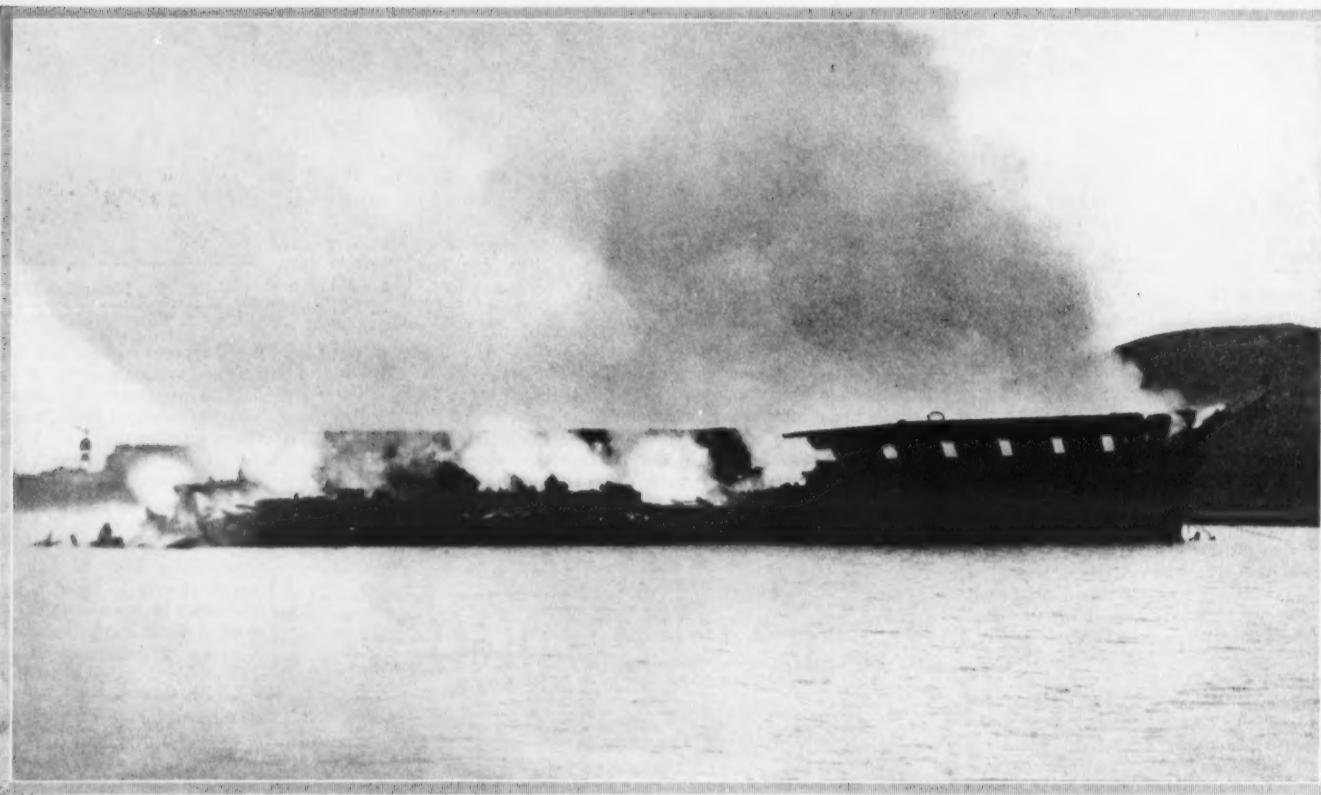


**Illustration VII.—Sullivan's Hold**

*The position of Walsh's hands with relation to the ball and the resulting "break," as seen from above. "B" breaks straight down toward the plate, and its course cannot therefore be shown diagrammatically from this point of view*

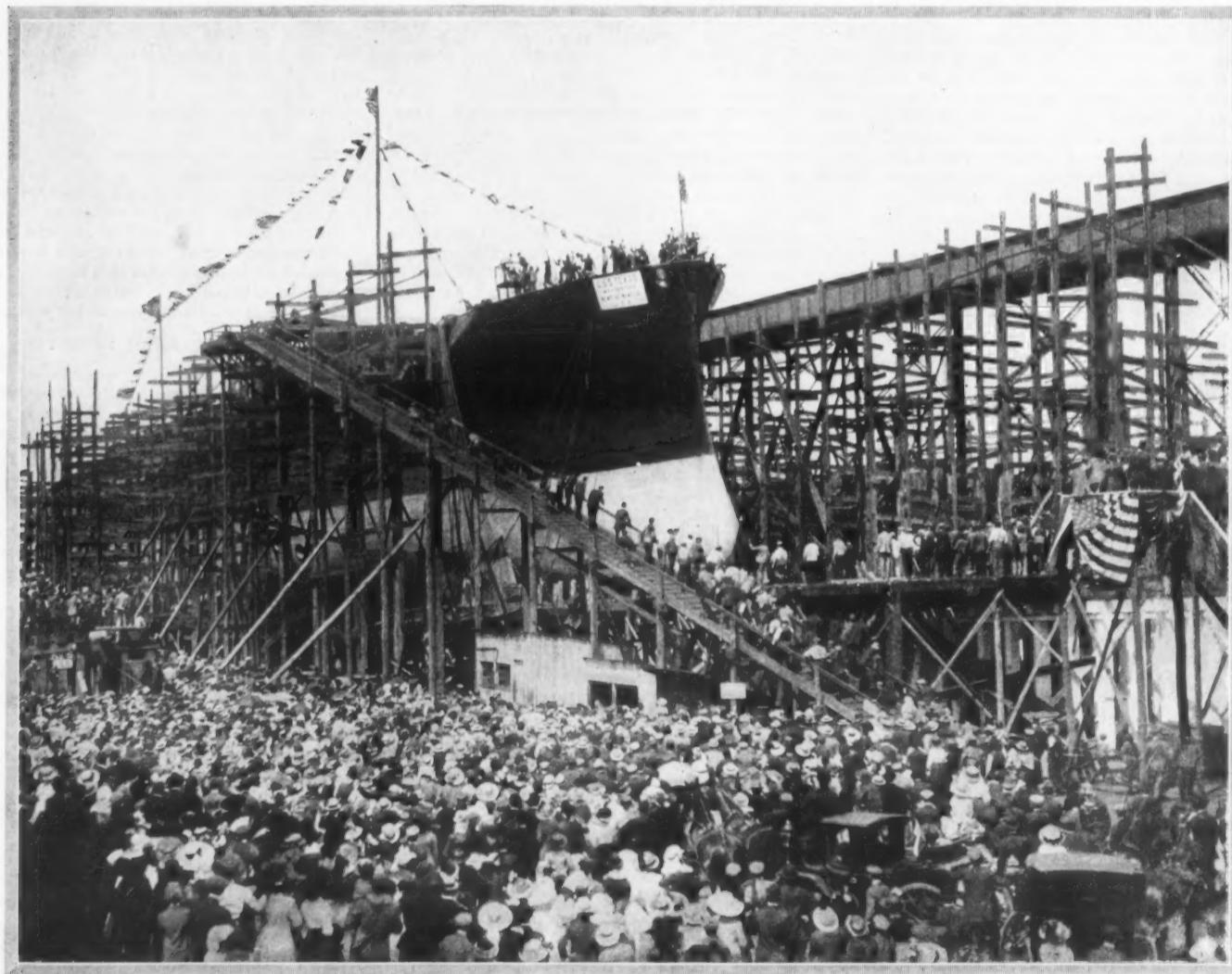


*The ball and hand taken at the instant before he releases his famous slow ball*



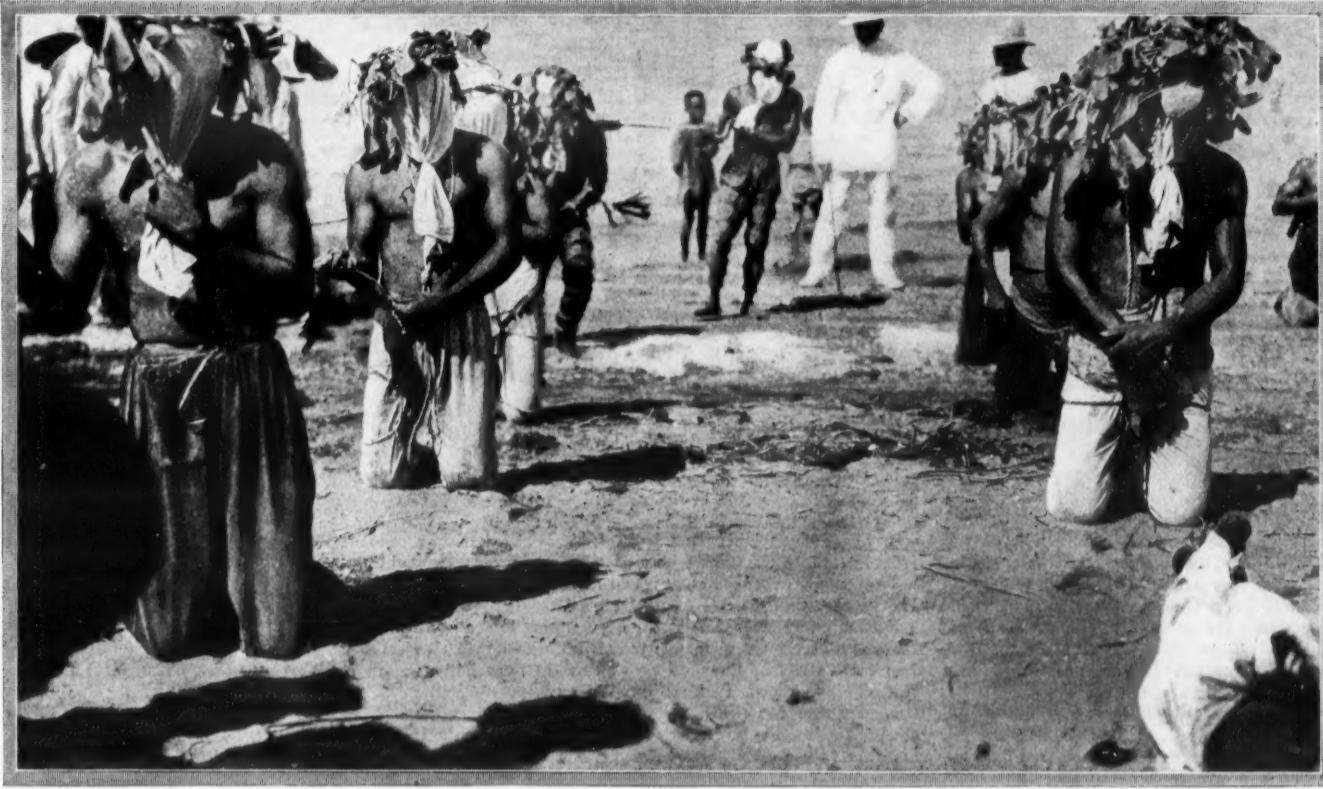
Sold for Junk by Uncle Sam

The Pensacola of Admiral Farragut's fleet, which fought side by side with the flagship Hartford in Mobile Bay, was beached and burned on May 10 in San Francisco harbor for the brass and copper that could be melted from her ancient hull. She was built in Pensacola, Fla., in 1858-61, a four-masted frigate with auxiliary engines. For twelve years she served as a naval training ship in San Francisco Bay.



The Launching of the Texas

The largest warship in the United States navy, the battleship Texas, was launched at Newport News, Virginia, on May 18. She has a displacement of 28,367 tons to the 21,825 tons of the dreadnoughts Florida and Utah. The launching occurred thirteen months from the time of the laying of the keel. The Texas will carry an armament of ten 14-inch guns and twenty-one 5-inch rifles.



Penitents of the Order of La Santa Hernandad

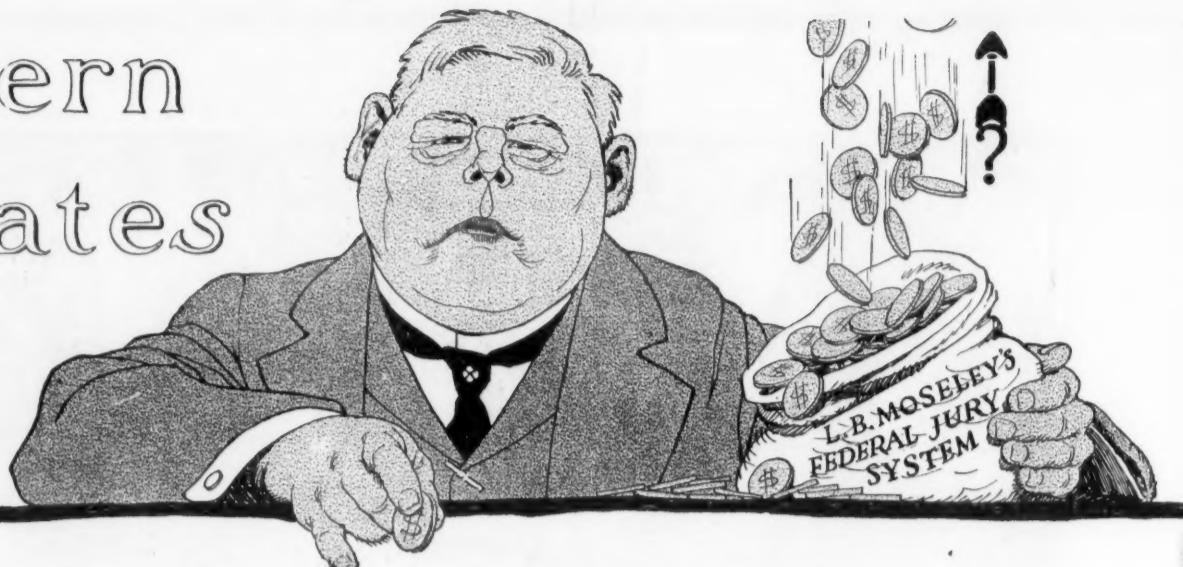
The members of a certain Filipino religious sect do penance by wearing a crown of thorns and beating themselves upon the back with pieces of bamboo tied to the end of a rope. Some branches of the order use cacti for the same purpose. After chastising themselves they fall on their faces, with arms outstretched in the sign of a cross. A few extremists are actually crucified.



Moro Prisoners on the March

The warlike Mohammedan inhabitants of the Moro Province of the Philippine Islands had to be disarmed last December by the American army authorities. They took refuge around the crater of Mount Dajo and were there besieged until starved out. They are seen marching down through the tropical jungles on their way to the place of surrender. Great skill was shown in the campaign.

# Southern Delegates



## VII.—A Mississippi Machine

**T**HE Republican party of Mississippi consists of one man. His name is L. B. Moseley. He holds three Federal jobs—clerk of the Federal District Court, Jury Commissioner, and United States Commissioner. He is referee (distributor of patronage), National Committeeman, and member of the State Executive Committee. For a generation he has dominated the 900,000 negroes of the State. **The total Republican vote of the State is 4,500. And of these 4,000 are negroes.**

Moseley whips his organization into line, sending up twenty delegates to Chicago, by making the white men Federal officeholders and by making the negroes "professional jurors of the Federal Court."

This jury graft is Moseley's own unique device for maintaining a band of henchmen throughout the State. Instead of drawing by lot the names of jurors out of the jury box, as he is required to do by law, he selects them in part out of his head, and selects the same faithful few, year after year. These men receive \$3 and \$3.50 a day for doing jury duty of a couple of hours. Others of his henchmen he subpeenas as witnesses in large numbers. Others he selects as extra jurymen. Jurors, messengers, bailiffs, and court clerks are often "summoned" and proceed to draw their pay, without leaving home. Men present in the court have asked to be put on the jury. At once they have gone on.

### MR. MOSELEY'S 500 HENCHMEN

**M**OSELEY'S jury list is largely the same as the list of delegates to the State, District, and County Conventions. Mr. Moseley has a set of five hundred henchmen scattered through the State in the judicial districts which now make up the State judicial system. These five hundred men he is able to swing over into the Taft delegation, both in the county, district, and State conventions, by appointing them steadily and continuously as professional jurors on the Federal juries. These men he appoints, some of them **three times in four years**, some of them **two years running**. And they are often the veniremen, and not, as he states, talesmen. They are the men chosen on the first selection, and an examination of the jury lists for the years since 1900, for instance, will show those names steadily recurring inside the period decreed by law. The law expressly states that Federal juries shall be designated by ballot, lot, or otherwise, according to the mode of forming such juries then practiced in such State Court. And the statutory law states that jurors shall be taken from the several Supervisors' Districts in proportion to the number of qualified persons in each, **excluding all who have served in the regular panels in two years**. An examination of those jury lists will show that Mr. Moseley has flagrantly violated the law. These professional jurors are largely ignorant and venal negroes, eager, as Mr. Moseley well states, for the \$3 and \$3.50 per day. Mr. Moseley did not dare trust the machinery of his system outside the few directing hands. So it is a matter of simple record that a crier would be receiving \$18 for his services when he has performed no services, whereas services were performed by Mr. Moseley's ally, Mr. Ligon. This serves two purposes. It keeps the crier from penetrating inside the inner ring of Federal secrecy. At the same time it gives him a fat fee for no work. It is a matter of exact proof, and that proof is in existence, that politicians would write in, desiring a certain man to serve on the Grand Jury. Now the Grand Jury is selected theoretically from a list of three hundred chance

names. And yet when that politician would ask that a friend serve on the Grand Jury that friend served.

The judge of the Federal Court for Mississippi is Henry C. Niles.

For a generation Mississippi has needed a second Federal judge. Geographically she is divided into two Federal districts. Each of those two districts has its full equipment of Federal officials, except only the needed judge for the Southern District. She has the clerks, the marshals, the jury commissioners for both districts. But Judge Niles continues his ancient solitary reign over both districts.

When court is in session in Jackson, he lives with Moseley. Moseley is clerk of the Southern District. If another judge were appointed, there would be the danger of Moseley being turned out, and the Federal Court political machine would fall to pieces. So Niles and Moseley oppose the creation of another judge.

### THE METHODS EMPLOYED

**T**HE Republicans of the State are overwhelmingly for Roosevelt. So Moseley's task has been Herculean. He has to preserve intact the 750 to 1,000 henchmen who feed on his Federal patronage, while outside and lapping at the door is a rising tide of Roosevelt enthusiasm.

Mr. Moseley, as head of the Republican party, National Committeeman, and delegate to Chicago, said some time ago: "I'll die and go to hell before a Roosevelt man will be on any delegation with me."

That the State Republican Convention this year might be a wholly unanimous and spontaneous Taft affair, a Taft-Moseley man put a pistol to the breast of a Roosevelt chairman, D. W. Gary, and marched him from the platform to the exit.

The chairman of the Taft wing of the State Convention, E. P. Jones, when he saw Gary "covered," shouted: "Kill him! Kill him! There is nothing to it."

Some more of the Taft sentiment is generated as follows: Edward Dezonia, postmaster of West Point, Mississippi, at \$2,300 a year, selected, in addition to himself, three negroes as delegates to the district and State Convention—Foree, Harris, and Hall. To these three he paid \$25 each, out of his own money, to vote for Taft at the convention. The payment was made and the contract was signed in the West Point post-office building.

The chairman of one of the district committees of Mississippi, M. C. McEwen by name, wrote very recently: "If you can send me \$125, I am with you." This offer of his was made to a Roosevelt man. Mr. McEwen was and is a Taft supporter.

E. B. Topp, who is a negro pastor, is one of the Taft

leaders. He recently said: "If you have more money than Mr. Moseley, speak. If not, hold your peace. My heart's with you, but I am gone. Mr. Moseley got \$150 for me this morning, and I am gone."

### THE MOSELEY-TAFT DELEGATION

L. B. Moseley, clerk of Federal Court, Jury Commissioner, and United States Commissioner. Fees, power.

M. J. Mulzihill, postmaster at Vicksburg; salary \$3,100. L. K. Atwood (colored), ex-Collector of Internal Revenue.

J. M. Dickey.

J. M. Shumpert (colored), juror selector.

J. F. Butler, postmaster at Holly Springs; salary \$2,200.

E. H. McKissack (colored), juror selector.

Louis Waldauer, postmaster at Greenville; salary \$2,800.

J. W. Bell, postmaster at Pontotoc; salary \$1,500.

W. W. Phillips (colored), professional juror; salary \$3 and \$3.50 a day.

W. J. Price, postmaster at Meridian; salary \$3,200.

A. Buckley (colored), professional juror.

J. C. Tyler, postmaster at Biloxi and solicitor of funds from Federal officeholders; salary \$2,500.

W. P. Locker (colored), janitor of Federal Building; salary \$900.

E. F. Brenner, postmaster at Brookhaven; salary \$2,500.

C. R. Ligon, United States Deputy Marshal (son of the Marshal); salary \$1,200.

Wesley Crayton (colored), professional juror and juror selector.

Also three Roosevelt delegates were slipped in "unbeknownst" to Mr. Moseley, making the full twenty.

The men in the list below, whose families are so happily represented in Federal jobs, are Moseley's lieutenants and gumshoe men. They hand-pick delegates, weed out wobblers, spot possible Roosevelt enthusiasts:

### THE MOSELEY FAMILY AT THE PUBLIC TROUGH

L. B. Moseley, clerk of the Federal Court, Jury Commissioner, United States Commissioner.

W. R. Moseley, a brother, Collector of the Port at Gulfport, Mississippi; salary \$3,000.

R. O. Edwards, foster brother and cousin, postmaster in Jackson; salary \$3,300.

Mrs. R. O. Edwards, assistant postmaster in Jackson; salary \$1,600.

<sup>1</sup>Thomas W. McAlpin, brother-in-law, has the contract for carrying the mails from the post office to the Union Station, a distance of a half-dozen blocks over paved streets. The major portion of this job is executed by a negro boy.

Miss Suzette McAlpin, sister of Thomas McAlpin, postmistress at Bolton; salary \$900.

Frank L. Ratliff, cousin, postmaster at Shaw; salary \$1,400.

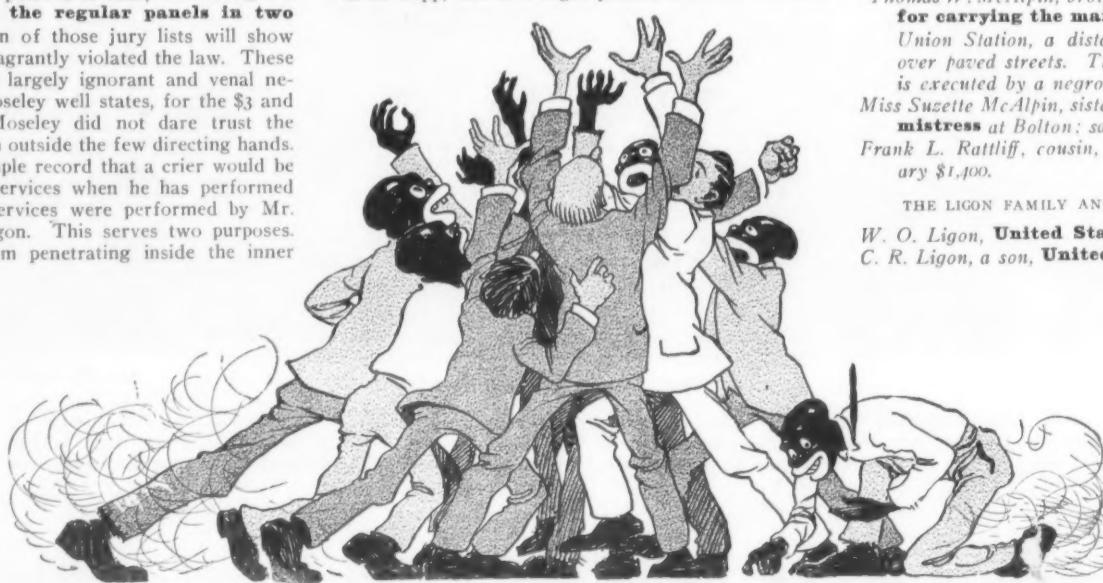
### THE LIGON FAMILY AND THEIR FEDERAL CLUTCH

W. O. Ligon, United States Marshal; salary \$3,000. C. R. Ligon, a son, United States Deputy Marshal; salary \$1,200.

Jennie D. Ligon, W. O. Ligon's wife, postmistress at Gloster; salary \$1,500.

(Continued on page 26)

<sup>1</sup>Thomas W. McAlpin, under "Mail Contractors Regulation, Screen, and other Wagon Service" (United States Blue Book), receives annual pay, July 1, 1909, of \$2,160, and total allowed to June 30, 1911, was \$4,320.





# The Unmuzzled Dr. Wise

A Rabbinical Insurgent and a Political Protestant

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

ILLUSTRATED BY JEAN PARKE

Feigned admiration. He is praised and condemned, apotheosized and consigned to the devil. Some of his people will tell you that he is the greatest Jew in America. Others will deny that he is a Jew at all. Yet all will admit that to touch Stephen S. Wise is to lay one's finger on the pulse of a man. He has a lot of thick hair, that sticks out at times like the thatch on the occiput of an Eskimo. This is typical of this Jew. His personality bristles. He is a lump of human radium. He has the squared shoulders of an athlete, the firm face of a fighter. His eyes are brown and close set, with a trick of showing a band of white above the iris when he is roused, a trick that lends a sinister expression to his features and suggests an eagle about to pounce. Indeed there is something of the eagle in the man. He soars high and wide in search of social wrongs, and when he has found one, whether it be a lookout in Brooklyn, a defective penological system in Oregon, an antiprosecution movement in the San Francisco graft cases, or a banquet to Croker at Sherry's, he folds his wings and comes whirring swiftly down to strike.

Dr. Wise is one of the most popular after-dinner speakers in America. His speeches are whirlwinds of eloquence and humor, and there is always the spice of adventure in accompanying him on an after-dinner oratorical flight, for no one knows, except himself—and he always, for he is a calculating cruiser—when he is going to drop dynamite. It was at a perfectly innocent after-dinner speech that Dr. Wise first turned Manhattan Island up on edge, so that the population after a frightened look about, clapped hats over ears and hung on for dear life. The dinner was at the Martha Washington Hotel. Could a setting have been more irenic? It was an affair of the Social Ethical League. What greater promise of the purely innocuous? To this dinner came lawyers, ministers, socialists, anarchists, authors, idle vagabonds, and, in short, a rather choice miscellany of troublers of the times.

Could it be supposed for a moment that in any such gathering there could arise anything but a discordant tumult in which each note sounded blurred the one that had preceded, and in so doing slurred itself? Yet there did rise out of that meeting the one clear note that made all Manhattan crane its neck as it never had before nor but once since, that once being the occasion when the tail of the comet was due to knock the tops off the skyscrapers, a date yet some three years in the folded archives of the future. The text of Rabbi Wise's remarks was another dinner, one given by Andrew Friedman at Sherry's to Richard Croker.

After ten years of absence, the great ex-boss had come ostentatiously home. So far as public announcement was concerned, his advent was purely social and personal, the natural desire to look once more upon the scenes of former triumph and profit, and to greet again the friends of many a hard-fought game of loot.

THE CROKER DINNER—"THE SHAME OF NEW YORK"

THIS was the public view, but, privately, there were rumors—vague but persistent and fear-inspiring rumors, that Croker's return was not temporary, but permanent—that he was come back to set up his dynasty again; that once more Murphy and Woodruff would place each a hand beneath his thigh in token of allegiance, and that New York was in for another reign of Crokerism. Among the functions attending his return was this dinner given to the old-time boss at Sherry's for a few of his personal friends. But District Attorney Jerome, one who had fought Croker bitterly in the old days, came to this dinner and made a laudatory speech. This lent color to the rumors that Croker was getting ready to "come back" and that some of his old enemies thought best to make their peace with him. Significant also was the coming of twelve—count them, t-w-e-l-v-e—of the justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York to sit down at the same feast cheek by jowl with the great high priest of graft. Dr. Wise is a man passionately devoted to America and American institu-

tions. His civic ideals are untarnished. His faith in the principles of American liberty is unshaded. He viewed the return of Croker with distrust. He contemplated the spectacle of the representatives of bar and bench buzzing about the one-time overlord of the city government with wrathful indignation. The more he thought of it the hotter seethed the fires of resentment in his breast. When he rose to speak that night at the Social Ethical League he remembered the motto of his preaching life: "To see things as they are and to say them as I see them." He saw that dinner at Sherry's as a feast of shame, and he so declared it in a voice that quivered with the intensity of his feeling. What he said more specifically was:

"Twelve justices of the Supreme Court dishonored themselves and the city alike last night by joining in this tribute to Mr. Croker. It was to the shame of New York and to us who are citizens of no mean city that what happened did happen at the dinner tendered to Mr. Croker. Such an affair could not be called a private function. This testimonial to Mr. Croker was a public humiliation."

#### SHOOING CROKER BACK TO IRELAND

THE effect of the rabbi's burning words was cataclysmic. The morning papers blazoned them. The headlines were big and some of them very black with "Disgrace," "Humiliation," "Night of Shame," Dr. Wise's words and phrases, liberally distributed across the tops of pages, or in frameworks around pictures of the pilloried justices. Croker at first relapsed into sullen silence, then blazed out in pettish anger. He wrathfully called Dr. Wise a "narrow old man," in his ignorance not knowing that it was impudent youth rather than testy age which had slapped him on the cheek.

But Dr. Wise had set the hornets buzzing. A thousand editorial stings with one accord were popped into the hide of Croker. The cartoonists came up to the support of the rabbi. Macauley, in the "World," pictured Croker at the banquet table, cigar a-tilt, hands in pockets, gazing contentedly, while the Goddess of Justice lays her sword before him and lifts a glass to drink the toast which a maudlin figure, apparently intended for Jerome, is proposing. Davenport put his tribute in the form of a half-page portrait of the pestilential Jew. Still another cartoonist hung Croker's face up like a medal, while Rabbi Wise beat upon it resoundingly with a stuffed club.

If Croker had any serious idea of resuming his throne, the furor created by Dr. Wise altered his plans. The rabbi's speech rang out like a burglar alarm in the dark. Emitting savage, bearlike growls,

#### The Ambitions of Dr. Wise

1.—I want to minister, as did another, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentiles.

2.—I want to see a complete and absolute concordance between Judaism and Americanism, between the oldest world ideal and the newest world ideal.

3.—I want the church and the synagogue to take the lead of all the forces that are making for righteousness.

4.—I want Judaism to hold its religious rank. We gave the world the prophets and Jesus, John and Paul. Why should we lose our banners? Why should we leave the world dependent upon other lips than our own for the interpretation of the messages of these great Jews?

#### His Preaching Motto

I will try to see things as they are, and then I will try to say them as I see them.

#### One of His Epigrams

To dare to fail is noble; to fail to dare is ignoble.

STEPHEN S. WISE is a Hebrew of the Hebrews. He is the son of a son of a son of a rabbi. Indeed, standing on the shoulders of this last rabbi and shading the eyes and peering upward along the line of his descent, one sees only rabbis. He is himself a rabbi, but after a new order, as any solemnly orthodox minister of a synagogue will tell you with a painful shake of his head.

Rabbi Wise is a most contradictory person. He contradicts everybody who, and everything which, happens to differ with him. He contradicts that long line of rabbinical ancestors, by himself being the head of a free synagogue, which, let me assure you, is something very different from the orthodox synagogue of his contemporaries and ancestors.

FIERY, FAIR, AND OF WORLD BREADTH

HE IS so fair a man that he will admit Jesus to a place in the prophetic line; will even say that what the prophets preached Jesus was; but so stubborn a Jew is Dr. Wise that he will make this admission grudgingly, and so considerate of the prejudices of his audience, which in the Free Synagogue is ninety per cent Jewish, that he will resort to miles of circumlocution rather than mention the Nazarene's name. He is so much a Jew that when Mr. Bryan draws a chance line between Christians and non-Christians, and forgets to make exception of the synagogue worshipers, the rabbi's very soul seethes with scorn and indignation. He is so little a Jew that he will turn on the whole synagogue system of his countrymen in New York City, for example, from pew rents to pulpit control, and proclaim it undemocratic, unproductive of religious life, and, therefore, un-Jewish. He is so much a Jew that when a Christian scholar apotheosizes the beatitudes of Jesus and correspondingly disparages the decalogue of Moses, the rabbi's voice quivers with something very like to wrath as he thunders back that the Utterer of the beatitudes Himself recognized the decalogue as basic and bent his fine genius to sharpen the edge of the Mosaic injunctions. Yet, again, he is so little a Jew that he will clasp that same Christian minister to his breast if he but strike hands with him in a program of social service—so little a Jew that he bids good-by to the Sabbath, declaring with a fetching epigram: "Not that I would give up the Sabbath, but the Sabbath has given us up."

His Free Synagogue holds no Sabbath service. Frankly its minister declares that the reconstruction of civilization under Christian influence has made the Sabbath not a help but a hindrance to the religious development of the Jew.

HE SAYS WHAT HE BELIEVES

RABBI WISE not only thinks all these things but says them and means them and lives them. In consequence you get all sorts of opinions about him. Some of his countrymen view him with horror, some with distrust, some even with shame; but others with un-

Croker retired to the secluded coasts of New Jersey. Cartoonist Davenport's farewell was a drawing entitled "Just a Social Visit." It pictured Croker as a much-used-up and very irate old gentleman. A bedraggled boutonniere, "From Jerome," was on his lapel. Crosses of court-plaster were liberally spattered over his face. One eye glared savagely; the other was obscured by a green shade labeled "From Dr. Wise."

So he went, muttering, homeward across the water. So great a matter had the little fire of the free pulpit and the unmuzzled rabbi of the Free Synagogue kindled.

#### A PASSION FOR FIRST-HAND KNOWLEDGE

DR. WISE was born in Budapest, in Hungary, just forty years ago. At one year of age he came to New York City with his father. There was never any other thought in his mind than that he should be a rabbi; but that arrant individualism which crackles in every bristling hair of his head began to assert itself early, for after getting his rudiments at a public school somewhere over in the Eleventh Ward he bent his steps, not toward Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, nor any other rabbinical institution of learning, but instead matriculated at Columbia University.

For seven years he drank deep of the fountains of learning bubbling there, and to-day gives fervent credit for dominant influences to Columbia professors, several of whom were of his own race. He majored in Semitic languages, and when, in 1900, Columbia honored him with a doctor's degree, it was for a thesis on "The Philosophy of Ibn Gabirol," which involved the translation from its original Arabic of a manuscript of the twelfth century, reposing in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

When fresh from school, after a six months' novitiate as assistant rabbi, he entered his first pulpit, that of the Congregation Benai-Jeshurun, on Madison Avenue, and took unto himself the motto, already quoted: "*I will try to see things as they are, and then I will try to say them as I see them.*" In the course of the application of this motto he took a look at a street-car strike in Brooklyn. Seeing, from his point of view, of course, that the men were not being treated right, he got up into his pulpit and said so, said it loudly with all the fiery enthusiasm of youth, said it in such a way that the treasurer of his congregation promptly took him to task for it.

"The trouble is," said his critic, "you don't know a thing about the matter."

This acted like a challenge to the rabbi's mind. He believed he did know what he was talking about, but he resolved henceforth to study so intimately this and kindred subjects that he should not only know what he was talking about, but know it so well that his pulpit would never be assailed by any thoughtful person with the charge of ignorance of conditions upon which it pronounced judgment.

From this simple incident dates that passion for first-hand investigation, the coming of which marked a turning point in the life of Stephen S. Wise.

#### FROM NEW YORK TO PORTLAND

AFTER seven years came a call to Portland, Oregon, from the Congregation Beth-Israel. For some time Dr. Wise had been feeling that the life of Manhattan, which was the only life he had known, was unnatural and inconclusive. In his dissatisfaction he characterized it as a "poor though very complacent suburb of the universe." He felt like a man in a caisson, the "sand hog," submerged and sustaining artificially heavy atmospheric pressures. He longed for the wider, broader reaches of life. The rabbi accepted the Portland call gleefully, and declares now that those succeeding six years were the greatest years of his life. There he began to understudy life problems at first hand. He came in contact with the blood and spirit of pioneers. The whole universe seemed changed. There were no traditions to hamper, no conventions to bind. No ghosts of yesterday's failures came stalking after the ambitions of to-day. The forest was virgin, the soil was virgin, and the hopes of man were virgin; all was fresh and inviting, a challenge to achievement. The young Jew felt the hot blood of the world's greatest pioneers, Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, leaping in his veins. He took up his work with eagerness. He made his pulpit a power in the city of Portland. He won the faith of Gentiles as readily as he held the confidence of Jews. He founded the Civic Forum and became its president. It met on Sunday nights and exerted a vital influence on the life of the community. The rabbi became involved in a fight against gambling, and delivered Herculean, stinging blows. He took a wide interest in constructive reform work, especially that of a sociological character. Neither was his interest purely forensic. It was not that these subjects lent him topics for sermons, but that they afforded him a field for activity.

#### "MY PULPIT MUST BE FREE"

HE HELPED to draft the first child-labor laws in Oregon; he had a large part in organizing the State charities; he assisted in the formation of the Prisoners' Aid Society and in writing important additions to the penological laws of the State of Oregon. This, it will be remembered, was the period of gestation of that important body of new legislative principles which make Oregon the pioneer in a movement that now appears to be sweeping over the United States. It was

a great experience for a young man with the blood of the world's greatest lawgiver in his veins and the spirit of the most vital of the races in his heart. Little wonder, therefore, that the vigor of his utterances echoed back over the mountains to New York, where was Temple Emanu-El.

Now, Temple Emanu-El is the Jewish Cathedral of America. Its plant and property are estimated to be worth three millions of dollars. To it belong the great Jews of America,

which is almost to say the great Jews of the world. Temple Emanu-El was wanting a new rabbi, one who would take the preaching burden from the shoulders of the highly esteemed Dr. Silverman. The members heard of the eloquence of the Portland rabbi, of his personal magnetism, and of the glamour that attached to his synagogue because of him. It was fitting, therefore, that the man who gave promise of being the greatest Jewish preacher in America should be their rabbi. Perhaps they had heard that, in addition to being eloquent and magnetic, the rabbi was also headstrong and dictatorial. If so, they still never doubted for a moment that he would not respect the traditions of Emanu-El and give whatever hostages to self-control might be necessary to secure for him this coveted prize. They invited Dr. Wise to come to New York and preach for them. After sampling his ministrations, five of the nine trustees

were deputed by the whole board to call upon Dr. Wise, then thirty-two years old, to ascertain the terms upon which, if at all, they might recommend his employment to the congregation. There was some harmless talk about small conditions, but after a time the rabbi waved them all aside, saying: "I am willing to take your pulpit, but it must be absolutely free. It must be my pulpit."

A senior member of the board of trustees raised his brows. "The pulpit of Temple Emanu-El has never been free, Dr. Wise," he said. "The pulpit is subject to and controlled by the board of trustees."

The rabbi's eyes gleamed in that fierce aquiline way, and his features set like stone.

"Gentlemen," he declared, "this interview is over if that be true."

#### BRINGING THE FREE SYNAGOGUE TO NEW YORK

THIS announcement produced a sensation. The trustees could hardly believe their ears, could hardly believe that this Jewish Lochinvar would have the assurance to close the door against the honored call which was in a fair way to be extended to him. Some of them sought to temporize.

"What do you mean by a free pulpit?" was asked. "Why this," answered Dr. Wise with a great rush of words. "Here, for instance, Mr. X—, you are interested in mines all over the country. Now I do not know whether any children are employed in your mines or not, but I know they are in some mines. If I am the rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, I propose to hit child labor, and hit it hard. You, Mr. Y—, are the attorney for one of the criminals who attempted to wreck the Equitable Life Insurance Company. Now if I become the rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, I propose to hit that man, your client, and hit him hard. You, Mr. Z—, have a relative who is a candidate of Tammany Hall for an office. Now if I am the rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, I am going to hit Tammany Hall, and hit it hard. My pulpit must be absolutely unmuzzled."

The meeting adjourned *sine die*. Dr. Wise went back to Portland to wait for the call—the call that he knew would never come. The incident occurred in December, 1905. The trustees seemed willing to forget it—and to forget the rabbi. Not so Dr. Wise. He was unwilling to be forgotten and entirely unable to forget the incident. He regarded the point of view of the trustees as an assault upon the integrity of the pulpit as making the preacher not the mouthpiece of God but a sort of phonograph horn for men who were at least fallible and might conceivably be also self-interested.

On January 5, 1906, from far-off Portland, he assailed the ears of the entire membership of Temple Emanu-El by means of an open letter, in which he argued with all his force for the freedom of the pulpit, urging that "a pulpit that is not free is sure to be without potency and honor, and can never plead powerfully for truth and righteousness."

A few weeks later Dr. Wise startled Portland by announcing his resignation to take effect at the end of

his year, which would be in the following September. Jews and Gentiles alike protested. They promised him all sorts of favor, including a salary of ten thousand dollars a year for life. But none of these things moved him. His eye was on the nine hundred thousand Jews of Gotham. He announced that he was going there to found a free synagogue. In October he actually appeared in Manhattan, bringing with him a series of six addresses, which he delivered on succeeding Sunday mornings in the Hudson Theatre. Great crowds came to hear. Voices to me have color. Soprano is Alice blue. Bass is black. Dr. Wise has a voice of a pitchy blackness and a velvet softness. There is not another like it in the world. It vibrates with a thousand magnetic qualities. He does not harangue nor declaim, but utters himself with the deep-voiced stateliness of a Forrest or a Salvini. It is only at times, in the full tide of argument, that his voice

rises into head tones. For the most part he walks back and forth like a lawyer at the bar, his whole person bristling with a sort of electric energy that short-circuits itself once in a while by a sharp, detonating slap of one palm upon the other.

Week after week, with alternating fiery vehemence and passionate pleadings, he argued the cause of a free synagogue before the jury of Jews that crowded his auditorium to the doors, defining it as embodying three principles: First, a free pulpit; second, a free and democratic organization with no pew rents, which later he declared to be an abomination; third, a free and reasonable development of the fundamentals of Judaism.

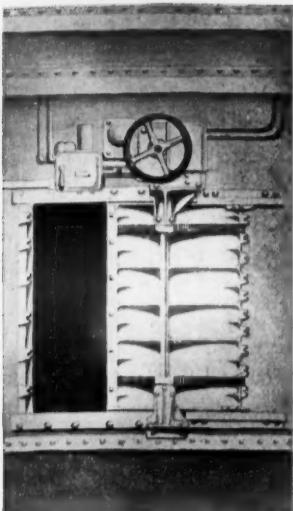
Again the rabbi's interest in his theme was not forensic only. Having argued in behalf of a free synagogue, he proceeded to found a free synagogue in New York City. A few scores of Jews accepted the rabbi's program. A small church in Eighty-first Street was rented. Funds enough were subscribed to assure the rental and a salary of three thousand dollars a year to the rabbi—this man whom Portland had vainly offered ten thousand a year for life. So the work began. On the third anniversary a banquet was held in the Hotel Astor.

To this dinner came Charles E. Hughes, then Governor of the State of New York; George E. Chamberlain, United States Senator from Oregon; Newell Dwight Hillis, present occupant of the Beecher pulpit; Rabbi Levy of Temple Rodeph Shalom in Pittsburgh; Jacob H. Schiff, one of the great Jews of America; and Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. Each of these men uttered gratulatory words; each bore witness that the free synagogue with its unmuzzled pulpit was a forceful fact. These words of Governor Hughes may stand for all. He said: "I am here to express appreciation of the work of the free synagogue. I am here to say how much I realize our indebtedness to the strong and virile ministry of your leader."

#### VEHEMENT AGAINST ALL WRONGS

THE young rabbi had unquestionably arrived. He had made his ministry felt from one end of the country to the other. When in the course of an address on civic conditions he animadverted to San Francisco's graft cases, his words were deemed of such weight and moment that the San Francisco "Bulletin," a pro-prosecution paper, ordered the entire sermon telegraphed to them. By this utterance Dr. Wise shook his stubborn locks vehemently in the faces of the thirty thousand Jews of San Francisco, among whom no more than a

(Continued on page 37)



Door operated by electricity

# Ships' Bulkhead Doors

By ROBERT H. KIRK

not an afterthought—it comes first. It is not necessary in the confusion of an accident to see that each door is properly closed. That important detail is attended to before the ship enters the danger zone.

The human limitations of the crew are fully taken into account by this system, for the men are not required to open a door by main strength every time they wish to pass through it, as each door is supplied with power from the ship's plant. A man in passing through a door turns a handle to open it, and while he grasps the handle it stays open, but when he has passed through and lets go, the door closes again automatically.

This device accomplishes for the ship's heavy watertight sliding doors exactly what a spring-door catch does for any door in a building—it keeps the door closed, but allows people to pass through without inconvenience.

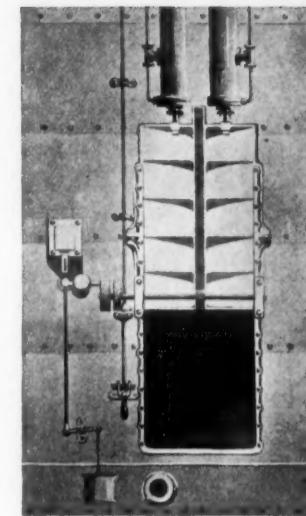
The master control rests with the officer on the bridge, who in closing all of the doors before the ship enters an area of danger merely turns a wheel. As each door shuts, a tiny electric lamp glows in front of him to show that the mechanism has responded to his command.

Everything is very logical about it, the officer does not have to call a number of men to carry out his orders, neither does he have to take some one's word for the fact that the doors are shut; he operates them himself and can see from the indicator that they are closed. In case any door happens to be out of order and fails to work, he knows it at once, and can send a man to shut it with the hand wheel which is provided at each door. The cruiser *Chicago* was the first of our navy to be equipped, and her doors were operated by hydraulic power. Following this, a number of ships were fitted with doors actuated by compressed air, but the later installations are all electrically operated. Only recently our cruiser *Maryland*, in night torpedo practice off San Pedro, sustained serious injury. A great hole was rent in her side, but she made port under her own steam with only one compartment flooded. She had efficient doors which worked when they were needed.

#### HAND-OPERATED DOORS SHUT SLOWLY

DURING the building of the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*, an effort was made to secure the adoption on these ships of the doors which our navy had found so effective, but the antiquated rules of the Board of Trade and Lloyd's, among other things, required that all doors should be provided with suitable means for operating them by hand from the main deck. Possibly a very good provision on small ships, but a great hindrance on such monsters as the *Lusitania*.

To make a hand connection of this kind is no simple matter on a large ship, for a shaft cannot often be run straight up from the door to the deck and there be provided with a hand wheel. Obstacles are encountered and the shaft must turn corners and twist in every conceivable way. With the periodic painting which everything on shipboard receives, and the spring of her bulkheads when coal bunkers and the hold are filled, these hand shafts and gears stick so hard that nothing but a thorough scraping, oiling, and loosening up will put them in working condition. One of Lloyd's surveyors told of a test he had made in closing a door of this type. It took two men four hours to loosen up the



Hydraulic controlled door

mechanism and shut the door. This door complied with the rules, but what an awful thing to depend upon in time of accident!

The staid Britshers were so wedded to hand-operated doors which must be kept open when running, and be closed at the time of an accident, that it was hard for them to conceive of a power door so conveniently devised that it could be readily opened and shut by each man who went through. The very condition which makes it possible to run with closed doors in times of danger seemed odd to them, and they frequently remarked that an injury to the ship might cut off the supply of power, and in that event doors operated by hand from the main deck would be better than nothing. Suppose an accident should cut off the power supply, the closed doors would have performed their functions and saved the ship, and any which had to be opened afterward could be worked by hand temporarily until the power was turned on.

#### EMERGENCY CONTROL INSUFFICIENT PROTECTION

THE idea of master control of all of a ship's doors from the bridge has been taken up to a certain extent abroad, but always for the purpose of making an emergency closure at the time of the accident. This emergency action does not afford proper protection, for in the confusion attending a collision it is apt to be wholly forgotten. If it is carried out, and some of the doors don't work, there is not time available to have them shut by hand, as is the case with doors used in our navy, which are closed when the ship enters the zone of danger, possibly hours or even days before the accident.

The *Titanic's* doors were arranged for emergency closure from the bridge, but were of a type which could not be readily opened and shut by men passing through them. The emergency control simply released each door plate from its hand-operating mechanism, and allowed it to close by dropping—a sort of guillotine affair with its speed of falling slightly retarded by oil cataracts. In his testimony before the Senate Committee, third officer Pitman stated that "when the water-tight lever on the bridge was operated, those on the bridge did not know really whether the doors were closed or not." A pretty poor type of door to depend upon, without even an indicator on the bridge to show when they were closed. Possibly one reason why Pitman made this statement is because he knew that the crew were likely to block open the doors so that they could not be controlled from the bridge. Men mistrust doors of this type; they feel a little shaky about going through a door which may be dropped upon them by an officer on the bridge.

The only type of door in which any crew will have confidence is one which the men themselves can operate by power in going through. The officer on the bridge retains master control and may start all the doors to closing, but even while they are going down, a man in the hold is at liberty to reverse the motion of any door and pass through safely. This is a question of human nature, and must be met, or the men will never place any reliance in the system.

Lifeboats have their particular field of usefulness and in a calm sea may be depended upon. In rough weather, however, they are practically useless, for in launching they are often capsized, and of those that get away from the ship many founder later.

#### LAW SHOULD REQUIRE POWER-OPERATED DOORS

ULTIMATE dependence must be on an unsinkable ship, or as near an approach to it as human ingenuity can devise. Bulkheads have been exhaustively discussed by special boards appointed for the purpose, and when strongly built according to modern requirements can be relied upon. Their doors, however, have received scanty consideration, and it is only fitting that they should now be accorded that study which their importance demands. Ships should be required by law to be provided with power-operated doors of a type which will allow the ship to be run with her doors closed when the slightest danger exists.

**T**HAT the traveling public think our ocean liners unsinkable is amply demonstrated by the recent *Titanic* disaster, where many objected to entering lifeboats, preferring rather to pin their faith to the great disabled ship than embark in small craft, even on a calm sea. A rather hazy notion prevails that in some way or other ships are kept afloat by water-tight compartments, and that this modern and most perfect of all boats, with her hull subdivided into sixteen separate parts, should go down at all seems almost beyond reason.

Few realize that these very compartments into which the hull is divided by heavy steel partitions or bulkheads contain the vital working parts of the ship—her engines, boilers, coal bunkers, etc.

#### DOORS A BULKHEAD WEAKNESS

**I**N THE discharge of their duties, members of the crew must go from one compartment to another, and for this purpose doors are provided to permit them to pass through the bulkheads. It is in these doors that the trouble lies, for if they are open in time of emergency the bulkheads are useless, as they are no longer watertight. The sea, rushing in through a hole made in the ship's side by collision, would flood only the compartments which it originally entered, if the bulkheads were tight, while the other compartments would remain dry to keep the ship afloat. If, however, the doors were open, flooding would go on from one compartment to another until enough were filled to sink the ship.

Ever since the advent of bulkheads in steel ships, naval architects have been keenly alive to the dangers introduced by doors, and at one time the apprehension was so great that several ships were built without any doors at all in their compartment bulkheads. This complete omission of doors did not prove practical, for the crew found it very tiring to climb up to the main deck and down again in order to get over a bulkhead in going from one compartment to another. Protests from the hard-working firemen, engineers, and oilers were ultimately silenced by having doorways cut through the very bulkheads which were purposely built without doors to secure safety.

When a compartment is flooded, its bulkheads are called upon to resist as much pressure as the hull itself, and they are made strong and well-braced to fit them for the service. A door forming an integral part of such a bulkhead must be equally strong, in addition to being rigid enough to close water-tight all around the edges. It must be heavy, which, of course, makes it inconvenient to open or close by hand, and if no other means of operation is provided, it will be continually left open, because it would be a practical impossibility for each man who passed through it to open it and close it again behind him.

The British naval ship *Victoria*, while executing maneuvers, was rammed by another ship and sank in the Mediterranean. She went down with her doors open—the "Admiralty Minute" frankly says so—and then adds that had her doors been closed *before* the accident she would have remained afloat. The Admiralty's statement hits the nail squarely on the head when it shows that the ship's salvation depended upon closure of the doors *before* the accident—not after it. Had the *Titanic* gone down in more shallow water, we might some time know just how many of her doors were open.

#### THE AMERICAN NAVY TYPE OF DOOR

**T**HE American navy early realized the inefficiency of the usual types of bulkhead doors, and to make our fighting ships as near unsinkable as human ingenuity could devise, an ex-American naval officer developed a type of door which is now installed on about forty of our larger ships as well as on boats of the French, Spanish, and Japanese navies. The basic principle on which these doors operate is thoroughly logical to start with, for it provides that when any possible danger exists, such as collision, fog, rocks, or icebergs, the ship runs with her doors *closed*. The safety of the ship is

## Behind the Day

By EDITH WYATT

**B**EHIND the day a thousand stars, my brother,  
Blaze deeply through the snow and sapphire sky,  
Uncounted trails invisible, and other  
Than are the clear-crowned ways of night on high.

**T**he things unknown—the things beyond all knowing—  
Where first we came from, where our souls shall go—  
Pulse, still, around us, past the far winds' blowing,  
Like day-star trails down Heaven's light and snow.  
  
One nearer knowledge, more than any other,  
I long for. Better than as though the blue  
Should speak, were this, through all our world, my brother,  
That truly you knew me, and I knew you.

# As it Was in the Beginning

By RACHAEL LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

THE white-clad figure wandered in as it had wandered out. Once more inside the house the woman glanced at the clock—with a smile at her own restlessness. Yes, the day was long, much longer than common, and, of course, she was restless. She had been restless all day, or at least ever since Roger made the usual appointment for the evening in the very unusual way he did. It was rather queer, come to think of it, that so slight a thing should disturb her. Roger had made many arrangements for evenings before her pleasant fire during the last—ah, well, it was quite too long to count.

But it was queer anyway that she should be so disturbed—at anything. Usually, you know, she faced life with a waiting smile, sauntered past Fate with an unconcerned front, unnoticed when possible, eluding the grim goddess with constantly growing skill when unconcern no longer availed. Some way, though, this was different. She could not doubt that this was very different. She had sauntered and evaded just as long as it was possible. She was sure of that.

It was beginning to be night. The house was quiet—quiet and empty as she loved it to be, in spite of her love for its occupants. For she was one of those who, forced by the accidents of life into close living with

many people yet needing the solitude of the mountain top to keep alive the spirit within her, found that solitude in empty rooms and darkness, and the depth and quietness of night.

To-night, however, the lengthening shadows and the stillness brought no answering calm. She grew impatient. Why should she be so disturbed?—why, after all these years, should she behave like a girl of sixteen? If she did not intend to marry the man, she did not have to. It was surely possible to say *no*, even to Roger. And as sure as there was a heaven above her, she did not intend to marry again—not even Roger. Once was enough. Yes—she should say it was enough! And besides, she was too old. Why, the man was crazy to insist. Had they not been the best of friends and the closest of comrades all these years? That was what counted.

Still—and again she sighed and smiled, wandering now out of the house to the side of the porch overlooking the valley, the river, the mighty hills. Still—if Roger were so foolish as to insist, it would have to be settled, once for all.

The twilight deepened, then turned to night. The stars came out. The autumn night noises began to be heard. It grew cool, and the woman drew her light

shawl closer around her shoulders and glanced with pleasure at the flickering firelight gleaming through the window near by. She found herself listening. How often, in the years gone by, had she found herself listening, as now, for Roger's footstep? But never feeling quite as she did to-night. It was not really quite true that she had been surprised at his demand, not true at all, although she had tried to make herself think so. Of course, she had known and she hadn't minded either. Truth was, she did not mind now—come to think of it. Only—one thing was sure. She did not intend to marry Roger—nor anyone else. That much was settled.

**S**TILL closer crept the early autumn darkness, and presently she arose, remade the fire in the room beside her, and lighted a lamp here and there. Returning to her chair, the purring of a machine caught her ear, and presently the sound of a step on the sidewalk told her he was coming. Quietly she watched him mount the steps. How good he was to look at—so big, so broad, so straight. And yet—why did she like him the better because he was big and broad and straight? But she did. All women did. A survival, she thought with a smile, of the days when they caught them and slung them over their shoulders and carried them off.

As he drew near she noticed that the light flickering through the window brought out the lines the years had cut in his face. Yes, and revealed more—a determination that would not brook delay. At the sight a little shiver crept over her, not an altogether displeasing shiver either, as she owned to herself with a smile.

His first words convinced her that she had measured the situation accurately. Crossing the porch to the railing beside which she sat, he stood, looking closely into her face, and finally said—almost as though resuming a conversation:

"And when is it you are going to marry me, my Lady?"

"When?"—returned the woman lightly, catching at the chance of diversion—"When," is it, to be sure? And why not 'if' to begin with?"

The man laughed.

"So we must go back to that, must we? I'll be glad to have you start anywhere, though, if you ask me."

Then, after a moment, quietly:

"Will you marry me, Janet?"

There was a silence. The man leaned back in the chair, keeping his eyes on the woman, whose face was turned away. Finally she spoke in another tone of voice:

"Are you truly going to insist, Roger? Are you going to make me answer that question?"

And as deliberately the man replied:

"As surely as there is a sky above us, Janet, I am going to have an answer to-night."

**A**SILENCE fell between them, at which finally the woman smiled whimsically, her humor changing. Surely Roger had a talent for silence. And so he was going to have an answer to-night. Well, they'd see. It certainly could not be possible that he, Roger—Roger whom she trusted—Roger whom she adored—who was always there, always her friend—would go so far as to make her send him away—out of her life—forever? That was absurd to think of. Anyway—with another change of mood—the night was young. Nor was the discussion a new one, although it did seem at unpleasantly close quarters.

"Roger," she finally said in a tone just a little propitiating, "I'll do this. I'll discuss the matter with you. Maybe you don't understand."

The man smiled.

"Understand what, Janet?"

"Now, Roger, don't smile in that hateful way. I don't know you to-night. Understand why I don't want things changed? Why I want it to go on just as it is?"

"Yes, I understand, Janet."

"Then why do you insist? Why can't it go on? I love it this way. It is such infinite peace. Don't spoil everything, Roger. Don't."

**T**HREE was pathos as well as denial in her voice, yet the look of determination did not leave the man's face. Was there ever such a woman! As he looked at her in the half darkness she indeed caught his heart. Her slight form, almost as girlish as when he had first seen her—her silvery hair—her eyes—his mind went back over the years, the long years, that had silvered that hair and brought to those eyes the look—yes, the night was young! But she had decided.

"Yes, we will discuss the matter. As I understand it,



"So we must go back to that, must we?"

it is this. You think you want to marry me. I know I do not want to marry anyone. How's that for a statement?"

"Just tell me, Janet, why you object to me."

"Dear man," she answered, "I do not object to you, not at all. I approve of you altogether. Only—I don't want to marry you."

"Why—"

"Oh, why! why! why! Roger, you are very dull. Because I am satisfied with things as they are; perfectly contented to go on this way just as long as I live. And I see no reason why we should not—no reason at all."

"That's not quite candid, Janet. Is it? While Julian lived, it was different. Now, with Julian gone and you free and most of your ties loosened, it is another matter. You must know that whatever my standing with you has been in the past, it's not friendship I feel for you now."

"Now that's just where your conclusion is wrong, Roger," she hastened to say eagerly, ignoring the change in his voice. "It is just because of these years since Julian died that I know it could go on as it is. And let me tell you—and I know it's true—we've been lots better friends than we should have been if we had been married."

THE man shook his head, but seemed in no haste to reply. He even rose, walked the length of the porch, and went in and mended the fire before he resumed his seat, while the woman, watching him in the half light, felt her heart tighten.

"Understand now, Roger, I don't say this because I don't care for you. It's because I do. I've always cared, always, ever since that first night when you came into the room and I looked across—into your eyes. Do you remember?" And her voice trailed off.

The man nodded, but again did not speak. He, too, was looking into the past.

"Yes, and when I looked into your eyes, you stopped talking, Roger. I can see it as yesterday, you stopped talking and came straight across the room to me—and found I was Julian's wife. What years and years ago it is."

"And we have been friends ever since, Roger, haven't we? Such dear friends! Always you have shared everything with me. Always I've been sure of you. Whether I saw you or not, whether I heard from you or not—and I've loved it. You are not going to spoil it all, Roger, are you?" And she put out her hand appealingly to him, which overture, however, the man disregarded. Neither did he answer the appeal. Perhaps he could not. And presently she went on:

"No, it is not that I do not care—care!" fiercely. "Why, nobody but a woman as old as I am can care. These bits of girls! Just let them wait, and they will know!"

And the man rejoined quickly:

"Then, since you really do care for me—since at last you admit it—when is it you will marry me?"

The woman dropped her hand in mock despair:

"For a man of sense, Roger, you do talk the most utter nonsense. Because I care for you is no reason I should marry you. You don't know what you are talking about. Anyway, you don't really want me for your wife."

THE man permitted himself a smile—a smile that, in spite of her, caught her pulse and brought the lagging color to her cheeks.

"Yes, I know," she spoke unsteadily, answering the smile. Almost she began to wonder if she did know the man. "I know you think you do. That's because you have no idea of the kind of wife I'd be." And she spoke lightly.

"You'd suit me, Janet," he rejoined.

"No, I shouldn't, Roger. I should be an entirely different person from the usual wife. Indeed, I would not be your wife at all. As wives go, I'd be an absolutely new variety."

"Now what, pray, do you mean by that?" the man replied quickly.

"Roger, you know—you surely know. It's very hard to state. But I know so much about it, Roger. It isn't you that I object to. I've told you that. It's—marriage. No, not marriage either exactly," and she hesitated. "It's the things marriage has come to mean."

"But, Janet—" the man began hastily—but she interrupted:

"Can't you understand, Roger? It's the unvital things. The things that custom and modern life make part of marriage. The things that are ingrained into your consciousness—that you and every man regard as right and proper. Must I go all over it?"

"I am afraid you must, Janet, if you expect me to understand."

She hesitated again a moment, then:

"It's really hard to put into words, Roger, but if I must, I must. I say I would not be your wife as wives go, and I would not. I would not do one of the things

until it is settled?" And the first note of feeling that he had permitted crept into his voice. Then, hastily, he spoke again, as though, also the first time, he, too, were postponing the moment:

"And, indeed, you are hard to understand to-night. Nobody ever talked as you do, Janet. Other women don't feel so."

SHE sat up suddenly in her chair:

"What's that you say, Roger? No other women? And, pray, what do you know about it? They all think as I do, every woman in the world, even when they don't know it." She ended lamely:

"It's really not a personal thing, Roger—with me, I mean. It's just the whole situation. It's the things marriage has come to mean since religion and civilization took up the cry. As I said before, it's" (hesitatingly) "how can I make you understand? It's the—dependence, the financial obligation, the oversight—the wearisome, detestable—familiarity—I should think men would mind it, too. Maybe they do. But it's women who feel it most—shut away as they are from the real things in life. It isn't that they don't need men—ah, no—it's the other things," and she let herself sink back into the chair.

"And they go into it so lightly, the pretty things. They mean so well. They have such hope of what the future will bring. And, ah me, they know so little, and the youths, too, stepping along beside them, meaning, too, so well; knowing, too, so little; feeling equal to anything. They must hate it, too, in the end. I wonder—before my soul I wonder, Roger—that one single marriage survives."

THEN, suddenly, she spoke, holding up her hand:

"Understand now, Roger, I am not speaking of myself. Someway I don't count. I happened to find out and paid the price, and was free. I don't believe you do understand—I was. But these boys and girls don't know. Most of them will never know, for it's hard to find out, the way things are mixed up. Of course, they must have their mates—look at me. Didn't I want Julian? Why, I was mad for him."

And now the man spoke eagerly, yet with a hesitancy not before in evidence:

"Janet, I don't want to intrude, but I'm glad you spoke about that. Won't you talk about it a little? You never have, you know, and I'll never ask again."

She moved uneasily, twice she lifted her hand as though to speak, yet sat silent.

"I'm willing you should know. It isn't that. It's hard to tell. I'm not sure I know myself."

"Tell me, dear," he insisted.

"It's very mixed," and the note of confidence had left her voice. "Everything is mixed that concerns a woman and a man, even so eminently successful a woman and man as Julian and I. It's Julian and I you mean?"

The man nodded.

SHE did not speak, and again she moved restlessly.

"I don't know where to begin. Ask me what you want to know."

"You loved him once, Janet? Julian, I mean."

"Once? Always!" Then she went on:

"Why, Roger, don't you know that I adored him, else I wouldn't have married him. I adored him, and we went into it just as these others go—the boys and girls I speak of. And we spoiled it ourselves, tore everything to pieces, before we dreamed what we were doing; and there we were."

"But, Janet—"

"And I found out, that is all, but Julian never did. And then he died, like a brave man, and I revere his memory. And that's all, Roger—at least, I think so."

"You say he did not know?"

"Ah! how could he, Roger? He was like most men. We did not live an unusual life. He thought women were different. It's right you should know. Can you understand the despair that fell on me when I discovered?"

"Discovered what, dear? Tell me."

"Oh! that men and women were alike, you know." And she moved disconsolately. "And that love was not enough, even though it lasted, and you spelled it with a capital letter. Not enough for women any more than for men. There is ambition, you see, and individuality, and self-respect, and independence, and—other things. Each one of them as dear, as near, as necessary, to women as to men. Are not women the daughters of men? And a woman absolutely and forever cut off from them! And nobody knows—or understands or cares." And her voice broke.

"But you need not have stayed, Janet!"

"Why, yes, I needed to. What do you mean? Julian was no more to blame than I. He had known no more





# Whither Thou Goest

*The Lanagan Stories: Being Excerpts from the Chronicles of a San Francisco Police Reporter*

By EDWARD H. HURLBUT

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

JACK LANAGAN of the "Enquirer" was conceded to have "arrived" as the premier police reporter of San Francisco. This distinguished honor was his not solely through a series of brilliant newspaper feats in his especial field, but as well by reason of an entente that permitted him to call half the patrolmen on the force by their given names; enjoy the confidences of detective sergeants, a close-mouthed brotherhood; dine tête-à-tête in private at French restaurants with well-groomed police captains on canvasback or quail out of season, and sit nonchalantly on a corner of the chief's desk and absent-mindedly smoke up the chief's two-bit cigars.

It was an intimacy that carried much of the lore of the force with it; that vital knowledge not of books. Billy Dougherty on the "pawnbroker detail" knew scarcely more "fences" than did Lanagan; Charley Hartley, who handled the bunco detail, found himself nettled now and then when Lanagan would pick him up casually at the ferry building and point out some "worker" among the incoming rustics whom Hartley had not, "made," and debonair Harry O'Brien, who spent his time among the banks, was more than once rudely jarred when Lanagan would slip over on the front page of the "Enquirer" a defalcation that had been engaging O'Brien's attention for a week.

So it went with Lanagan, from the "bell hops" of big hotels, the bar boys of clubs, down to the coldest-blooded unpenned felon of the Barbary Coast who sold impossible whisky with one hand and wielded a blackjack with the other, the police sources were his.

CONSEQUENTLY Lanagan, having "arrived," may be accorded a few more liberties than the average reporter and permitted to spend a little more time than they in poker in the back room at Fogarty's, hard by the Hall of Justice. Here, when times were dull, he could drift occasionally to fraternize with a "shyster," those buzzards of the police courts and the city prisons who served Fogarty; or with one of the police court prosecuting attorneys affiliated with the Fogarty political machine, for Fogarty was popularly credited with having at least two and possibly three of the police judges in his vest pocket. Or he could rattle the dice with a

police judge himself and get the "inside" on a closed-door hearing or the latest complaint on the secret file; and he could keep in touch with the "plain-clothes" men who dropped in to pass the time of day with Fogarty; or with the patrolmen coming on and off watch, who reported to Fogarty as regularly as they donned and doffed their belts and helmets things they thought Fogarty should know.

In this fashion does the police reporter best serve his paper; for it is by such unholy contact that he keeps in touch with the circles within circles of the police department of a great city. Some he handles by fear, some he wins by favor, some he wheedles. In the end, if he be a brother post-graduate, the grist of the headquarters mill is his.

Of the shysters there is Horace Lathrop, for instance, who boasts a Harvard degree when he is drunk—never when he is sober. Horace is sitting with Lanagan at Fogarty's rear room table, while Lanagan sips moodily at his drink.

LARRY THE RAT, runner for the shysters, pasty of face, flat of forehead as of chin, with an upper lip whose malformation suggests unpleasantly the rodent whose name he bears, shuffles in and bespeaks Lathrop at length. That worthy straightens up, glances at Lanagan, and then remarks:

"Casey has just brought in a moll," and arises, with elaborate unconcern, to leave the room.

"Well," drawled Lanagan, "what else?"

"Nothing. That's all I know. Going to try to get the case now, whatever it is."

"Is that all you told him, Larry?" asked Lanagan. The Rat mumbled unintelligibly and shuffled away.

"The Rat's answered after his breed," said Lanagan. "He says no, it is not. Now, Horace—pardon me, Barrister Lathrop—kick through. You know I've got to deliver a story to my paper to-day. Come on."

Lanagan never wasted words with Lathrop. There were a few trivialities that he "had" on that individual. But Lathrop balked.

"Look here, Lanagan, all I got's her name and address. It isn't square. She may have a roll as long as your arm. You print this story, the newspaper

men go at her for interviews, tip her off about me, she gets a regular lawyer, and where do I come off? You fellows are always crabbing our game. I gave you that shoplifter story a week ago and you played it for a column. You know you did, Jack; now you know you did."

LATHROP had been whining. Now he stiffened. "I ain't going to," defiantly; "I'm tired o' being bullied by you. Aw, say now, Jack, it's a big case. And I got a wife and kids to look out for"—which was a fact—"and here you come taking the bread and butter out of their mouths. It ain't square, Jack; you know it ain't."

All morals to all men, reflected Lanagan, and laughed lazily, pulling a copy of the "Enquirer" across the table.

"See her, Horace? Right on this page—page one, column two, right here, with your name in big black-face letters—a little story of about one-third of a column on that \$750 touch-off on that Oroville deacon, who went astray for the first time of his life and was pinched as a drunk—to be fleeced by you and your precious band. There isn't any way of getting his money back, or proving a case against you or the two cops who cut the roll with you and Fogarty. I didn't print the story, but I've got the facts pretty straight; and it goes right here—right in this nice, conspicuous place for the grand jury to see and for that wife and those 'kids' to see also, who, singular as it may sound, actually don't know what particular brand of a 'lawyer' you are. Get all that?"

Lathrop "got" it.

LANAGAN was then told that the detinue cells held a young woman of remarkable beauty, Miss Grace Turner, taken from a family rooming house on O'Farrell Street. Also that through Lathrop word of her arrest was to be taken to her brother there. Lathrop—or Larry the Rat, both being cogs in the same machine—had come by the information by the underground wire that runs from every city prison to the bail-bond operators and their shysters without. Fogarty was the bail-bond chief, and possibly one of the plain-clothes men

who just now rested his elbow upon the bar may have passed that name and address to Larry the Rat.

The "detainee" cases are those on the secret book at headquarters, that stable police violation of Magna Charta; the detainee cases, therefore, become the focus of the police reporter's activity.

"And incidentally, Horace, you stay away from 1153A O'Farrell Street until I get through," was Lanagan's final command.

"But what about Fogarty?" whined the shyster. "He must know by this time I got the case. You know what he could do to me if he wanted to, Jack."

"Yes, and I know what I could do to him if I wanted to, and he knows it, too," snapped Lanagan. "Leave him to me."

"I'm a friend of Miss Turner's," he said as the landlady opened the door at 1153A O'Farrell. "I wish to speak with her brother."

"He'll be glad to see you. He has been worrying. You ain't another one of them detectives? I didn't tell him, though. He was asleep and the doctor said he shouldn't be worried just now. It might be fatal. What did they do with the poor, dear girl?"

"Merely holding her for a few hours. What was the trouble?"

"Giving a bad check to the druggist for medicine. She did the same thing at the grocer's. It's a dirty trick, I say, to arrest the poor thing. Why, the grocer's bill was only a few dollars. They don't eat enough to keep my canary. The man eats mostly almonds. Something wrong with his stomach, and that seems to be all he can eat. Funny, ain't it?"

THE garrulous woman led Lanagan to a doorway in the rear. He knocked and, in response to a feeble voice, entered.

Propped up with two pillows was a young man whose wasted features were bright with a hectic flush; whose arms, hanging loosely from his gown, were shrunk to the bone and sinews. The eyes were gray, steady, and assured; so much so that Lanagan half halted on the threshold as he felt the response in his own sensitive brain to the personality that flashed to him through those eyes. A man of mental power, thought Lanagan; of swift decision and of iron will.

The voice was little more than a gasp, but each word by effort was clearly uttered.

"You're an upper office man?"

"No. I am a newspaper man. Why did you ask that?"

"Because they were here and took my sister for over-drawing what little funds we had in bank."

There was concentrated fury in his weak voice.

"Still I am curious to know how you knew they were plain-clothes men that took her?"

"How? A newspaper man ask how? Because they walk like a ton of pig lead. And didn't that cursed grocer threaten to have her arrested for a paltry four or five dollars? I heard her scream when they took her. This"—more quietly, with a slight shrug and comprehensive gesture to indicate his wasted form and flushed cheeks—"this particular complaint serves to strengthen our outer faculties for a while at least, even if it is at the expense of our inner ones."

"I take it your sister is bringing you from the interior to the South?"

"Yes. We came from South Dakota. We were robbed of our tickets on our first night here. She has been trying to get something to do to save enough money to get as far as Los Angeles. It came on me suddenly, alcohol helping. Sis stuck when they turned me out. On general principles, I don't blame father. I gambled a mortgage on to the old ranch and twenty years on to his head. Anyhow, here we are, Sis and me. That's what you fellows on the papers call a human-interest story, isn't it?"

There was something about the measured and sin-

ister tone that told of the bitterness of a baffled strong man, in the face of a situation that he was powerless to avoid. Lanagan wondered what that man would have done—or tried to do—to him if he were in full possession of his strength. He judged from those level gray eyes that the session would not be uninteresting.

"Yes, it might be a human-interest story," said Lanagan, "and then again—it might be better than a human-interest story."

HE WAS looking at the tip of his cigar, flicking the ashes from it as he said it; but he caught the swift, suddenly veiled flash that the keen eyes shot to his face. To all appearances, though, Lanagan did not see that glance. He had not liked the ready talk about upper office-men; and he would take oath that in the wasted features, round the ears and the neck, were the tell-tale traces of that prison pallor that requires many a long day to wear away.

"For instance," Lanagan continued, still flicking at his cigar tip, "if you were being kept under cover here?"

It was only a swift, partial intake of breath, but Lanagan caught it, and then the man spoke so easily and smoothly that the newspaper man believed himself deceived.

"Well, I am. That's a bet. But just until Sis can get me away; that's also a bet."

Then there followed details, the man on the pillows supplying with facility a pedigree that went back to the *Mayflower*. Lanagan had been fishing; yet as he left the room he was uneasy and far from being satisfied. As the story stood it was a neat little "human-interest" story—as Harry Turner had said—and worth a column and a half. He had comforted Turner to the extent of informing him that the shysters had his sister's case and would probably have her out before night. He drifted moodily back to police headquarters. There Lathrop met him.

"Nothing stirring," he said, disgustedly. "They've turned her loose. Grocer wouldn't prosecute. She's got a sick brother. Don't think she was a live one anyway."

Lanagan ground one palm into the other. Three-quarters of the story was gone with the woman free and his "hunch" was afloat without an anchor. He drifted into Chief Leslie's office and helped himself to a cigar.

"Chief, what did you have on that Turner girl?"

Leslie was past being surprised at anything Lanagan knew. He stopped studying a police circular long enough to look up. "Couple of little checks, but the complaining witness withdrew. I wouldn't write her up if I were you. She's one case entitled to sympathy. I talked to her. Thoroughbred, that girl; consumptive brother; taking him South. So I turned her loose."

Leslie fell to studying his circular again, and Lanagan drew up a chair to look over the circular also, a little privilege he alone enjoyed of the newspaper men at headquarters. Then he whistled softly; Lanagan was past being surprised at anything—almost. That whistle was about his most demonstrative exhibition.

THE circular was from Denver and offered \$5,000 reward for information leading to the "arrest and conviction" of Harry Short, wanted for highway robbery and murder. The details of a Denver crime that a brief time before had shocked the country were given and the customary police description, with the front and profile pictures from the rogues' gallery.

"Would probably be found with a woman," the circular read, "posing as his wife or sister." There followed a description of the woman, Cecile Andrews, and her history. She was the daughter of a country minister who became enamored of Short when he did odd jobs about her father's place. She had refused to give him up when he was charged with triple murder. In some way, it was believed, she had managed to join



Lanagan, Lathrop, and Larry the Rat

him in hiding, for she had disappeared as completely as he.

Leslie finally became annoyed at Lanagan's prolonged whistle.

"Good heavens, Jack," he said irascibly, "I'm trying to get these descriptions in my head. Take that whistling outside."

"All right; but say, chief—" The tone was tense, drawn taut like a fiddle string. Leslie wheeled. Lanagan's eyes were lighting up with that curious brightness that flamed there when the strange brain of the man was at work, when there was action promised, when the tortuous mazes of some enigma were unfolding to that inner sight.

"Say, chief," he went on, "I wonder if I could make a trip, say to Paris, on about one-half of that reward? I've always had a curiosity to study that Paris police system. I don't approve of newspaper men taking blood money. It isn't in our game. But it might be proper to take about one-half of that money in a case like this for a trip like that. What do you think?"

Leslie's eyes were searching Lanagan's. He knew of old that Lanagan was not a quibbler and that he never wasted words.

"You've got something, Jack. What is it?"

"Him," said Lanagan inelegantly, tapping the face upon the circular.

Leslie jumped straight up out of his chair. The police reporter lit a fresh cigar from Leslie's top desk drawer, where the good ones were.

"It's this way, chief; but the story's mine, mine absolutely."

"You've brought me the tip, the story's yours. That's the way I play the game," said Leslie.

"This woman was the girl you arrested. Her brother's out in a rooming house on O'Farrell Street, laid up with consumption—galloping, too, it appears to me."

Leslie was an explosive man, and after a swift glance through the circular description of the woman again, he expressed himself volubly and with unction. It never occurred to him to question the accuracy of Lanagan's statements. He would have taken the newspaper man's word over that of one of his own men.

Lanagan telephoned to Sampson, city editor of the *Enquirer*, and before that cold-blooded individual could get in a word, Lanagan had said enough to indicate to Sampson that something choice was on the irons. Lanagan had asked for me, and I was detailed to report to him in thirty minutes at Van Ness Avenue and Eddy.

IT WAS just thirty minutes later that the chief, Lanagan, Brady, Wilson, and Maloney—three of Leslie's steadiest thief takers—and myself were dropping singly into 1153A O'Farrell Street, Lanagan having preceded us to reassure the landlady. Maloney went on through to take the alleyway, the room having a window over the alley. Softly and swiftly we massed before the door. Lanagan took the door, rapping. There was no answer. The chief signaled for a rush. Leslie never carried but one gun, and this he now rested in the hollow of his left arm. He towered above and behind us as we noiselessly wedged against the old-fashioned, flimsy door. My heart was beating like a trip hammer. I never seem to be able to get over that thumping just before the opening engagement when I am elected to make a target of myself. I confess freely that I always went into those thrillers with Lanagan in the full expectation of getting my own name and picture in the papers, and the complimentary designation usually accorded a man of my profession by the paper he serves when mishap befalls him: "A reporter who was killed."

21 (Continued on page 32)



"She's one case entitled to sympathy"



### *The German Squadron on Its Way to Hampton Roads*

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DRAWN FROM SKETCHES BY HENRY REUTER DAHL



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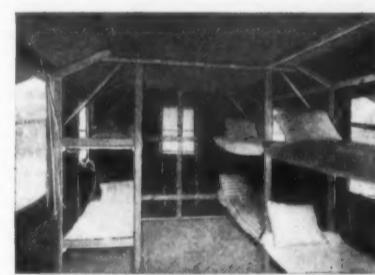
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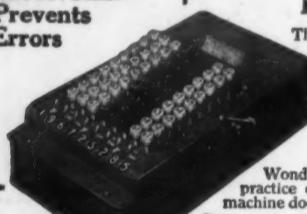


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The military failed to charm the girls when the esthetes came in. Therefore the military is making an awkward effort to rival Bunthorne

## Reviving Comic Operas

By H.

THE custom of reviving the best light operas of the past, toward the end of the season, when singers have ended their regular engagements and splendid casts can therefore be obtained, is so favorable a custom for the theatre goer that it is delightful to find the experiment successful. "Robin Hood" is crowded. "Patience," although not proving quite as popular as "The Mikado" or "Pinafore," has done well, and "The Pirates of Penzance," which is to be produced in a few days, is likely to do better. The reason that "Robin Hood" drew larger houses is obvious. Audiences, perhaps because they are human beings, like prettiness and sparkle in generous bunches. This revival of "Robin Hood" is generously produced. The cast of singers includes Florence Wickham, Basil Ruyssdael, Pauline Hall, Walter Hyde, Bella Alten, Edwin Stevens, and others well known; the scenery is fresh and agreeable; the chorus is pretty; and the stage management is of the kind that makes for dash. The opera shows without any loss those elements which have made it popular so long.

In grand opera we expect the best things of the past. What, indeed, would grand opera be without them? In the drama we may some time become civilized enough to have similar standards, as the Germans now have, but that time is shown by the history of The New Theatre to be in the future. Gilbert and Sullivan in their line (an admirable line) are classics. Sullivan's music not only fits the words to an extent that music seldom does, and not only gives pleasure to the average audience but has in it elements which also please those who understand high music. Gilbert is one of the genuine artists of nineteenth-century literature. The young ought to be taken to

see a Gilbert and Sullivan opera just as they should be taken to see a play by Goldsmith or Sheridan, and as for the older generation, those who have once appreciated the dramatist and librettist who was also the wittiest Englishman of his day will hardly miss any favorable opportunity of picking up a little diversion on the side of their higher possibilities, especially as the opportunity for diversion on our stage usually is furnished along the line of our lower possibilities. Somebody said that there were two occasions on which he never missed a Shakespearean production; one when it was a play he had not seen and one when it was a familiar play well done. That principle, if the theatre is ever to become in America what it is in Paris and Berlin, ought to animate a good many more of us than it does, and it should apply not only to Shakespeare but to everything in which permanent literary quality is established.

"Patience" may not have the sustained felicity of "The Mikado" or "Pinafore," but it has many places in which the humor and the grace are not surpassed by any opera in the series. Although little can be said for the production on the visual side, and not much for the stage manager's work, the whole effort is at least good enough to enable the lover of Gilbert to have an evening worth more than most of his evenings. Marie Doro, besides looking her part entirely, had the great merit of a manner intensely serious. Cyril Scott looked Grosvenor exceptionally well. Manager Brady's young daughter, Alice, as a comedienne is sure to be popular, and she has a good chance of taking a notable position. For the part of Lady Jane, Gilbert asked for a gaunt woman. It was characteristically inept to furnish a fat woman, but Eva



Interest in the famous old personages of the legend adds to the popularity of the opera



The love-sick maidens in this production are shown in a different kind of esthetic garb from the one originally chosen by Gilbert

## Reviving Comic Operas

(Concluded from page 24)

Davenport succeeded in the difficult feat of being actually funny where the ordinary fat woman is laughed at by the audience from the mere notion in the so-called mind of the said audience that fat is in itself sufficient. About De Wolf Hopper, one who is interested in Gilbert might write long. He might begin by rejoicing that Hopper later cut out some of the gagging of the opening night, but he would put most of his emphasis on the quite extraordinary ability with which that actor brought out the value of every syllable—a great merit certainly in singing the words of a man whose brilliancy is so largely made up of the delicate implications and contrasts of his words. It was not only that not a single syllable lost its full value, and this without any effort in the enunciation, but that the ease and fullness of Hopper's humor sometimes seemed almost to add quantity to Gilbert's wit. Take a couple of lines, for instance, like:

*Round the corner I can see  
Each is kneeling on her knee!*

They might be nothing but twelve words, but in Hopper's handling they are crowded with just the kind of delightful contrast to what went before that the author meant. It ought to be said that, just as Hopper was completely adequate in the subtler effects, so was he entirely refined in the broader ones, as in, for instance, the "Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!" song:

*What time the poet hath hymned  
The writhing maid, lithe-limbed,  
Quivering on amaranthine asphodel,  
How can he paint her woes,  
Knowing, as well he knows.  
That all can be set right with calomel?*

Our stage has many fundamental de-

fects. None of these is more serious than the inability of the average actor so to handle his voice as to get the full value from his material.

We can thoroughly recommend any actor, whether on the lyric or the regular stage, to listen to De Wolf Hopper sing the following:

*Let me confess!  
A languid love for lilies does not blight  
me;  
Lank limbs and haggard cheeks do not  
delight me;  
I do not care for dirty greens  
By any means;  
I do not long for all one sees  
That's Japanese;  
I am not fond of uttering platitudes  
In stained-glass attitudes.  
In short, my medievalism's affectionate,  
Born of a morbid love of admiration!*

We can also recommend any actor who doesn't know how to speak prose so as to bring out the important points without hitting them with a hammer to listen to Hopper make this speech:

*No, no! Do you know what it is to be  
heart-hungry? Do you know what it is  
to yearn for the Indefinable, and yet to be  
brought face to face, daily, with the multi-  
plication table? Do you know what it is  
to seek oceans, and to find puddles?—to  
long for whirlwinds, and to have to do  
the best you can with the bellows? That's  
my case. Oh, I am a cursed thing!*

It would be easy to go on, but the space allotted to this particular interest of Collier's in this issue is exhausted. The writer who has been filling the allotted space used to go often to the theatre. He goes less now. But he certainly will manage to go several times to "The Pirates of Penzance."



"Robin Hood" depends for the success of its revival very largely on the attractiveness and ability of the principal singers

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**The Welch  
Grape Juice  
Company**  
Westfield, N. Y.



## Southern Delegates

(Continued from page 14)

Percy Ligon, W. O's son, **assistant postmaster** at Gloster; salary \$590.

THE COLLINS FAMILY

Fred W. Collins, **United States Marshal**; salary \$3,000. Died some weeks ago in office.

Walter A. Collins, son of Fred, **postmaster** at Hattiesburg; salary \$3,000.

Seth W. Collins, uncle to Walter, **postmaster** at McComb City; salary \$2,300.

J. N. Attikson, brother-in-law to Walter, **postmaster** at Summit; salary \$1,500.

Walter Collins, son of Fred, also has a brother-in-law **postmaster** at Tylertown. His name is John L. Carr; salary \$1,500.

F. W. Collins, Jr., son of Fred, is **Deputy United States Marshal**; salary \$1,200.

The Tyler family is equally impressive on the public pay roll. These four "Federal Families" are of Mr. Moseley's inside group, and with a dozen other lieutenants they dominate the State in Federal patronage and Federal jury selection.

Here follows a list of a few of the five hundred professional jurors:

George C. Granberry, bailiff to the grand jury room for three years, prior to which professional juror and defeated candidate of Moseley's for delegate to the National Convention, as well as widely known lieutenant; George H. Oliver, Clarksdale, Vicksburg Division; D. W. Turner, Okolona, Aberdeen Division; A. Buckley, Enterprise, Meridian Division; W. W. Phillips, Kosciusko, Aberdeen Division; J. M. Shumpert, Columbus, Aberdeen Division; E. B. Topp, Jackson, Jackson Division; B. W. Pillars, Jackson, Jackson Division; Henry Ruffin, Jackson, Jackson Division; Gilbert Hemingway, Jackson, Jackson Division; S. H. Nevils, Greenville, Jackson Division; A. B. Bayliss, Columbus, Aberdeen Division; E. H. McKissack, Holly Springs, Oxford Division; G. W. Gilliam, Clarksdale, Vicksburg Division; B. F. Lacey, Shiloh, Vicksburg Division; T. J. Wilson, Meridian, janitor and juror of Federal building, the flunkie of Postmaster Price, who must pull off his hat to come in the back door of Price's post office; C. S. Collard, Moss Point, Biloxi Division; Michael Howard, Fayette, Jackson Division; M. S. Love, dispenser of the Canton Post Office; J. M. Granberry, Terry, Jackson Division; E. E. Miller, Raymond, Jackson Division; G. M. R. Husband, Yazoo City, Jackson Division; W. M. Mixon, Raymond, Jackson Division; Will Coats, Jackson, Jackson Division; Burwell Jackson, Meadville, Jackson Division; Jerre M. Blowe, Vicksburg, Vicksburg Division; Wesley Clayton, Vicksburg, Vicksburg Division; W. P. Locker, Biloxi, janitor and juror; A. C. Wanzer, Dry Grove, Jackson Division; H. W. Wilkinson, Jackson, Jackson Division; Walter Keys, Jackson, Jackson Division; Evans Griffin, Jackson, Jackson Division; Solomon Ward, Brandon, Jackson Division; H. H. Truhart, Lexington, Jackson Division; Rev. J. W. Davis, Greenwood, Jackson Division; Frank Walker, Jackson, Jackson Division; William Young, Jackson, Jackson Division; E. P. Jones, Vicksburg, Vicksburg Division; E. D. Coleman, Aberdeen, Aberdeen Division; N. L. Lackey, Greenwood, Jackson Division; J. W. Randolph, Pass Christian, Biloxi Division; J. H. McCusker, Magnolia, Jackson Division.

There is Buckley in the above list. He is a member of the State Committee, a member of the District Committee, a delegate to the county, district, and State conventions, and an assiduous juror.

W. W. Phillips of the same list is the secretary of the Fourth Congressional District Committee, chairman of the County Committee, and a delegate to Chicago.

J. M. Shumpert is a member of the County and District Committees, a delegate to Chicago.

E. B. Topp is the man with the Roosevelt heart but the Taft pocket. And so on for each one of them. A political service rendered in return for jury money.

Mr. Moseley discussed the succulent family tree. He said as follows: "R. C. Edwards was appointed by Mr. Roosevelt. The wife's brother got the job in the haul from the post office to the station by making the lowest bid. I got the job for the Gulfport brother, but he was deputy for eleven years, and he deserved it on promotion."

Mr. Moseley then discussed the system



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Successful  
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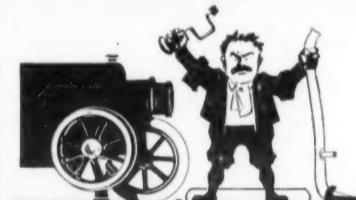
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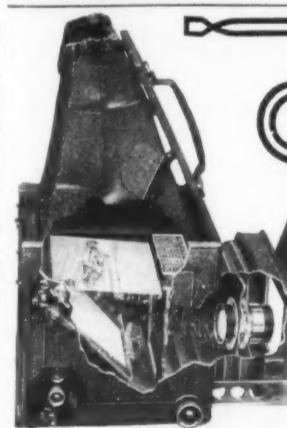
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## Southern Delegates

(Concluded from page 26)

of professional jurors he has been working so successfully for many years. He said: "The three hundred are chosen out of the box. But then if there is a shortage the marshal has the right to get the talesmen from the bystanders. The negroes are eager for the job. They choose those who hang around the court. As far as that goes, you can have the box full of Republican names up to 150 names if you are the Republican jury commissioner. The other commissioner is a Democrat by law<sup>2</sup> (Mr. Moseley neglected to state that the other commissioner was long his own clerk, owing his appointment to Mr. Moseley, so that his representing Democracy would be but a feeble impulse compared to his grateful subserviency to the man that made him). Why shouldn't you have Republicans? And that's all there is to that matter of professional jurors."

<sup>2</sup>The law requires one Republican and one Democratic jury commissioner, so that the jury shall be nonpartisan.

## International Hotel Workers' Strike

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

At a quarter after seven, May 7, a man entered the crowded dining room of the Hotel Belmont on Forty-second Street, New York City, and blew a signal whistle. Some hundred and fifty waiters marched out of the dining room. In the week following strikes occurred in other hotels.

The strike was called by the International Hotel Workers' Union. That night the union, which is about six months old, had around 3,000 members. In a week it had around 8,000.

The union demands: a day off each week, shorter working hours, higher wages, sanitary conditions, pay for overtime, decent food, human treatment, no fines, weekly pay.

The immediate cause of the strike was the fining system in vogue at the Belmont. The fines are continual, arbitrary, and in some cases excessive. A page from a Belmont fine book—removed from the head waiter's desk by a retiring waiter with presence of mind—shows the following entries for April 17:

—, no finger bowl.....	25 cents
—, dropping silver.....	25 "
—, late.....	25 "
—, dropping silver.....	25 "
—, talking too much.....	25 "
—, not standing at station.....	25 "
—, dropping silver.....	25 "
—, dropping silver.....	25 "
Total.....	\$2.00

(It should be explained that "dropping silver" does not mean a crash of jingling metal, but simply the slipping of a spoon or fork.)

The hotel has, according to this reckoning, a daily income of some \$10 from fines. In other cases the fines are excessively large. A waiter who gave two cold buckwheat cakes left on his table to a hungry girl cashier was fined \$5. One who was twenty-five minutes late was fined \$3. One who drank a cup of left-over coffee in the pantry was fined \$2, and the two pantry men (salary \$18 a month) were each fined \$1 for not stopping him. An omnibus (assistant waiter) taking a roll from the pantry was discharged and a notice posted: "Omnibus — discharged for stealing."

The hotel industry has not yet been reorganized on the modern industrial basis. Employees are paid their wage, part in money, part in food, and part—in many cases—in lodging. It is the old patriarchal system incongruous in the midst of modern conditions.

Hotels must be organized under the control of the law, like any factory. This has been recognized in Nebraska, Washington, and Oregon, to the extent of limiting the hours of labor for women in hotels, just as in factories, mills, laundries, etc. The constitutionality of such action in Illinois is now being tried out in test cases involving a chambermaid, a waitress, and a telephone girl.

The hours of work need regulation. In most hotels they are atrocious. A waiter is paid \$25 a month. He must pay his omnibus himself. The hotel does not pay the omnibuses. By this arrangement it comes about in some hotels that a waiter pays his omnibus more than he himself receives from wages.

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the Tough White Tread stays on, wears slowly, and protects the "upper" or flexible part from injury and contact with the ground. . . . Goodrich users never "travel on their uppers!"

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The Haddorff tone is recognized as also being notably pure, sweet and of great sustaining power. The materials, workmanship, scale, action and veneers are of the highest quality known. The "Homo"-tone quality is present in all the Haddorffs—uprights, grands and player pianos.

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## The Mystery of the Spitball

(Continued from page 11)

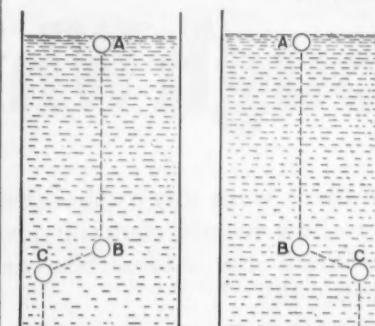


Illustration IX.—The "Break" in Water

An ivory ball, dropped without spin into a tank of water, behaves as above. From A-B it drops perpendicularly; at B it suddenly swerves; at C it "steadies itself" and falls straight to the bottom of the tank. With perfectly smooth ball it seems impossible to determine direction of break

The ball had fallen for about fifteen or eighteen inches as straight as a die. Then, as abruptly as though it had struck some solid obstacle in the water, it jumped forcibly to one side, steadied itself, and fell again.

For a whole morning long Professor Trowbridge and I, our sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, dropped "dead" ivory balls in water, fished them up, and dropped them again. Never did one of them go straight to the bottom of the tank. They always broke in that same abrupt and puzzling manner. (Illustration IX.) The direction of the break seemed absolutely a matter of chance. It occurred to us that the column of water confined between the ball and the bottom of the tank might have something to do with this action. So we got a shallower tank—less than a foot deep. In this the ball fell straight to the bottom, without any break. Later (I did not see the experiment) Professor Trowbridge used a six-foot tank. In this the ball broke, so far as he could determine by his eye, at about the same point in flight as in the two-foot tank—viz., about fifteen inches. Not only that: in the six-foot tank it usually showed three distinct breaks. It would fall—break—right itself—fall—break—right itself—fall—break. If the reader wishes to observe this action for himself, let him drop some of the ordinary domestic moth balls into a long glass pitcher filled with water.

In the meantime, I was experimenting unscientifically on my own account. I got some hollow celluloid ping-pong balls, stood at the fourth story of the "well" of a New York flat house, where the air was free from currents, and dropped them. At a point about 25 or 30 feet below me, they broke with a sudden swerve which imitated very well the action of the spitball. When I sent them spinning a little, they dropped pretty straight; but let me send them down "dead" and they behaved as though they had encountered an invisible obstacle in the air.

### MORE EXPERIMENTS

AFTER that, Professor Trowbridge discovered an important modification. Very dense substances, like metals, seemed to go to the bottom without any break. Be his tanks never so deep, lead or iron shot refused to behave in the manner of the ivory ball. Apparently the relation between the density of the object and that of the surrounding medium has something to do with the phenomenon.

In all these experiments the projectile had broken in any and every direction; and we studied next to control that break. Certain speculations concerning the seams of a baseball led us to paint a ring of emery and glue about the equator of our ivory ball. After a little practice, we found that we could now make the ball break with fair certainty in any direction we chose, simply by regulating the position of the ring at the point where the break came. The ball always broke away from the greatest smooth area. It would take me whole paragraphs to explain this

fully; whereas the reader may absorb the principle at a glance by consulting illustration X.

After which I formed my own unscientific hypothesis and humbly submitted it to the greater knowledge of Professor Trowbridge and Professor McLenahan, who had been called into consultation. It was as follows:

### OVERWHELMED BY THE PROFESSORS

WHITE, Mathewson, and Ford are right. As the baseball leaves the hand of the pitcher, it carries a cushion of compressed air before it. A spinning ball bores through that air cushion as an auger bores through wood. Not so a dead ball. As it rushes on, the air, so to speak, is unable to get away from it in time—more and more molecules are added to the cone-shaped cushion which it is carrying on its front surface. Finally, following the universal law of moving bodies, it seeks the line of least resistance and jumps into free air—which makes that curious, sudden break. Since there has been a minute pause in the flight of the ball, gravitation exerts its force and pulls it in a general downward direction—under the air cushion instead of over it. But the exact direction of this downward break is determined by the position of the seams at the instant when the break occurs. In short, the baseball in air, like the emery-ringed ivory ball in water, shoots away from the greatest smooth area which it presents to the air cushion. Here consult illustration XI.

So much for the spitball in the hands of the ordinary pitcher, who has no means of telling in what direction it will break.

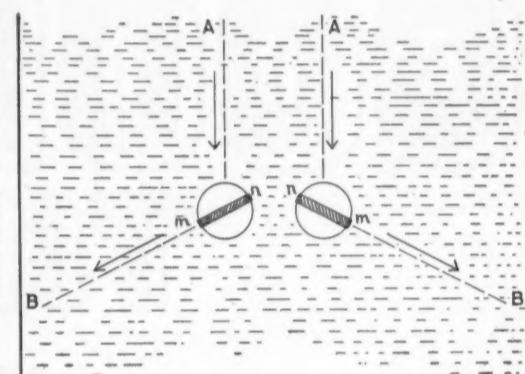


Illustration X.—The Direction of the "Break" in Water  
m-n is the emery ring, and A-B the course of the ball, which is shown at the moment of the break. The side nearest m offers the resistance of the ring; that nearest n is smooth and free. Upon striking the hypothetical obstacle, the ball apparently slides away on its smoothest surface, which is seen to be that nearest n

With Walsh and Ford, who, as I have said, give the ball a slight spin—something like a half a dozen revolutions in its whole course—the case is different. The comparatively insignificant spinning motion is not great enough to make the ball bore through the air cushion. But it is enough to give a very slight pressure on one side. At the moment when the ball swerves, it is in a state of very unstable equilibrium. The breeze of a butterfly's wing is enough to determine in which direction it will slide off the air cushion into free air. That pressure, infinitesimal as it is, forms the determining factor.

This theory seemed very sound to me. It accounted for everything. When I imparted it to Professor Trowbridge, I was a proud young man.

"Impossible!" he said with decision.

"Why?" I asked, meekly.

"Your hypothesis presupposes that the ball is piling up air as it goes along—that it is continually increasing the air cushion. How fast does a pitched ball move?"

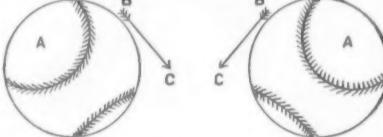


Illustration XI.—The Direction of the "Break"

We are now facing the flight of the ball, and it is the instant of the break. The area A is the greatest smooth surface presented to the air. The hypothetical air cushion slides off that surface, and the ball will break in the direction B-C

## ETERNAL VIGILANCE

is no longer the price of safety for your talking machine record. Nor is it the price of peace levied by the hostile noises at the end of the record. An

### Automatic Stop

on your machine puts an end to these noises. The Condor-Autostop prevents damage to your records. Fits any disc talking machine.

### Nickel or Gold-Plated

Prices  
\$3.00 and  
\$4.00  
Add 50¢ for Canada

CONDON-AUTOSTOP CO.  
24 Front Street New York City  
Canadian Office, 126 Sparks St., Ottawa

## Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality. Largest Variety.



"GILT EDGE," the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing, 25c. "French Gloss," 10c.

"STAR" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, 10c. "Dandy" size, 25c.

"QUICK WHITE" (in liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes, 10c. and 25c.

"ALBO" cleans and whitens canvas shoes. In round white cakes packed in zinc-tin boxes, with sponge, 10c. In handsome, large aluminum boxes, with sponge, 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send us the price in stamps for a full size package, charges paid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.  
20-22 Albany St., Cambridge, Mass.  
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Shoe Polishes in the World

## LABLACHE

### FACE POWDER

#### WHEN ROSES BLOOM

When Nature is glorious with the first blush of summer—then is the charm of beauty most appreciated. LABLACHE imparts that touch of delicacy and refinement to the complexion which assists Nature in retaining the bloom of youth.

#### Refuse substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Send 10cts for a sample box.

#### BEN. LEVY CO.

French Perfumers  
Dept. 24, 125 Kingston Street,  
Boston, Mass.



## A Happy Marriage

Every man and woman, particularly those entered upon matrimony, should possess the new and valuable book by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., which sensibly treats of the hexological relations of both sexes, and, as well, how, when and when to advise son or daughter.

Unqualified endorsement of the press, ministry, legal and medical professions.

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Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
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All in One Volume, Illustrated, \$2, Postpaid  
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., 774 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

# The Children's Candidate



## The Spitball

(Concluded from page 28)

"Less than a hundred feet a second." "Well, the motion of the air before the ball is a vibration—of the nature of a sound wave. And a sound wave travels nearly 1,100 feet a second. How, then, could the ball continue to pile up its air cushion?" I hope that I am quoting Professor Trowbridge correctly.

"But is it a vibration?" I objected. "Isn't it a forward motion like a wind?" Professor Trowbridge, Professor McLenahan concurring, stated baldly that it was not. Why, is not quite clear to me; but they know more about it than I. According to them, my theory is untenable. Which is discouraging, because it seemed to fit the case in every seam and joint.

Here I am where I started—back with Ed Walsh. But I have at least set forth the data as accurately as I can. There are in these United States thousands of teachers, engineers, and architects skilled in physics. Among them there must be many baseball fans. Will not one of the scientifically-minded enthusiasts get out his apparatus and his book of formulas, turn his trained mind on the subject, and relieve the eager anxiety of his fellow fans?

## The Mission of College Snobbishness

BERLIN, May 6, 1912.

**S**IR—I note, without enthusiasm, your purpose to publish a succession of articles by Mr. Owen Johnson advertising against the existence of the spirit of snobbishness in American colleges and universities. The fact is indisputable. But the conclusion from the fact, which from your announcement it is evident that Mr. Johnson is about to draw, is, I conceive, sadly erroneous.

Snobbishness should not be frowned upon in our universities. On the contrary, it should there be fostered. For life in our academies is already more democratic than life outside them to a dangerous degree. Dangerous to the students themselves, I mean. They are thus induced to view the world and its ways falsely. And if universities and colleges are designed to prepare students for life, then they should teach them to see life truly and not falsely. To-day, in all our colleges, young men with gifts for athletics, literature, or song are able to take the lead of their fellows, be their own homes never so humble, provided that their gifts are sufficiently pronounced and allied to pleasing personalities.

**B**UT the days of their eminence are too often but stories of opportunity upon opportunity wasted. They have not made, perhaps have not even sought, friendships of lasting value; and after graduation they quickly plunge into their original obscurity, never again to reemerge. The bitterness of this descent must often sear the life of the young ex-college hero.

And so, on behalf not only of undergraduates and new-made graduates, but of future generations as well, it seems evident to me that the colleges should seek to increase and not to diminish the undemocratic spirit. Let, for instance, the "big men" (sic) in each class be privately apprised by some delegated member of the faculty to cultivate amiable relations with their richer classmates. The rich youths, feeling perhaps of less weight than in their own home communities, would be flattered by the constant companionship of those who had gained prominence in the college world. It is a fair exchange. The college hero helps the rich boy at college. The rich boy helps the college hero later in the world. Is not this a truer preparation for after life than the inculcation of a democratic standard which, however ideal it may be, inevitably places young men in false relations to existing values?

It must be conceded, of course, that the device is not infallible. In some cases the rich youths would fail to reciprocate after graduation for favors received before. Therefore the college heroes should place not all their trust in one scion of a house of affluence. No college hero should content himself with less than three close friendships of the character I have described. From these he might confidently expect at least one to blossom; and success will accompany him from the cloistered halls of learning into the bright and busy marts of trade. I am, sir,

Yours most respectfully,  
JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON.

## "Scientific Food Keeping" A Free Book That Mothers Need

Here's a book, Madam, that reveals some astonishing facts about food and the risks you run at home. It is written so all can understand it. It is a practical digest from Government publications and from the works of the most authoritative writers on food subjects. You'll read every word if you read the first page. Write us a postal for it.



A test of some milk in Washington showed nearly 1,000,000 bacteria in a single drop! And this milk was being drunk in the homes!

In a test of 102 dairies 10% were found to be distributing milk containing the germs of consumption!

Not all milk, of course, is so dangerous. But a baby during the first year of life drinks nearly 500 quarts of milk. It is, therefore, of vital importance to take every precaution we possibly can.

One germ in milk kept at 68 degrees will breed nearly 400,000 others in 48 hours. At 50 degrees it will breed but 6!

Good milk up to the time you get it, has been held near 50 degrees. But most milk when delivered is already 48 hours old. So germ multiplication has started. You, madam, must hold milk at 50, or under, until it is consumed for only then is it really safe.

"Scientific Food Keeping" also tells about the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator, a patented refrigerator that maintains a temperature of between 42 and 48 degrees.

The peculiar patented syphon feature of the Bohn is responsible for the current of cold, dry air that is always "Blowing" swiftly through it. You can feel this circulation with your hand. It is constantly in action. You may clean your refrigerator for hours but it is useless unless there is free circulation. You ought to know more about the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator. You ought to read "Scientific Food Keeping."



### BOHN SYPHON REFRIGERATOR

Used exclusively by the  
Pillsbury Co. and by All Railroads

Ask the dealer who sells the Bohn in your neighborhood for the book and the catalog. He'll show you the construction of the "Bohn," the drain pipe in front, the hard, white, non-porous, enamel lining inside and the fine furniture finish outside.

WHITE ENAMEL  
REFRIGERATOR  
CO. 1502 UNIVERSITY AVENUE  
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

EXHIBIT AND SALESROOM  
59 W. 42d St., New York.  
30 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago

## More YALE Facts

Every claim made for YALE reliability is based on actual performance.

The world's record for endurance, established July 9, 10, 11, 1909, at Chicago, remains unbroken.

The record for low up-keep expense, 29 cents per machine, made the same year, has never been equaled.

Each year has added to this list. In the Dayton Toledo, Day and Night Endurance Contest, 4 YALES started, made every control on time and finished first after covering 400 miles without even a puncture.

The YALE you buy will do the same perfect work.

All orders shipped same day received. Write for agency proposition.

THE CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1701 Fernwood Avenue, TOLEDO, OHIO

## COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

A cool, comfortable shave—  
send 4 cents in stamps for a  
trial box (this size).

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. W.  
199 Fulton St. N. Y.



## Something Different

Because it gives you something different—this is one of the many reasons for the popularity of

## MAPLEINE

(The Flavor de Luxe)

There never yet has been such cake filling or icing in flavor, color and consistency as that made with Mapleine.

And of course you know how good and economical white sugar syrup is. Next time you make it flavor it with Mapleine and you will have a home-made syrup which is smooth and soft to the palate and irresistibly delicious in flavor. Many write us that they really prefer it to maple syrup.

Mapleine is a purely vegetable product complying with the pure food laws. Sold by grocers 35c for 2 oz. bottle. (Canada 50c). If not send money order or stamps to Dept. E9.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.  
Seattle, Wn.



## Stop Forgetting

The Dickson School of Memory Makes You "Forget Proof". Ten minutes spare time, each day, will give you this training. Enables you to remember faces, names, facts, think on your feet, overcome self-consciousness. My course has transformed thousands of failures into successes. It will make you successful. Write for free booklet of facts.

How to Get a FREE copy of Valuable Book, "How To Speak In Public" DeLuxe edition. Price, \$2. Full of valuable pointers. Write today. Ask how to secure free copy.

PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Principal, Dickson Memory School, 171 Auditorium Building, Chicago.

# Diamond Tires



THE dealer who sells you DIAMOND TIRES is thinking of your profit as well as his own.

The Diamond dealer is "tire-wise"—and believes in trading up—rather than trading down.

He can buy cheaper tires than DIAMOND TIRES, and make a larger one time profit, but he cannot sell you *better* tires.

The dealer who sells you DIAMOND TIRES can be depended upon when he sells you other things—he believes in service—in integrity. He's reliable.

DIAMOND TIRES are made to fit all types, styles and sizes of rims and in Safety, Smooth and Grip treads. Any type you select will give you the greatest mileage that can be built into a tire of that type.

In addition to dependable dealers everywhere there are FIFTY-FOUR Diamond Service Stations. Diamond Service means more than merely selling tires—it means taking care of Diamond Tire buyers.

**The Diamond Rubber Company**  
AKRON, OHIO

We could build them cheaper, but we won't,  
We would build them better, but we can't.

## Brickbats & Bouquets

LAST week's issue of COLLIER'S has apparently started trouble in the Republican ranks in Georgia, and the matter has evidently assumed such grave proportions that the Department of Justice has sent a special man to Atlanta to make an investigation.—Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, for example, furnishes a list of the delegates and alternates who "will soon travel up to Chicago and record the will of the people," and it is so inconsiderate as to print in black letters the Federal offices held by the delegates and the amount of salary attached. It is interesting to note that in almost every instance where the delegate is white he draws a fat salary.

—Columbia (S. C.) *State*.

A perusal of the last number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY will explain how the twenty-eight "delegates" in the Taft column from the State of Georgia were obtained under a hurry-up call from Washington.

SENATOR JOSEPH M. DIXON.

Was President Taft warranted in making the statement that Federal patronage was being used less than formerly to force his nomination? Facts collected by COLLIER'S WEEKLY contradict his statement.—Sioux City (Iowa) *Tribune*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY utters a loud scream about the iniquity of the use of Federal patronage to corral delegates in the South. Is this reactionary sheet going to attack any more of "my policies"?

—Washington (D. C.) *Post*.

The letter is published in COLLIER'S, along with others of a like nature, and supports the charge of Theodore Roosevelt against the President of "scandalous abuse of the Federal patronage" such as has not been witnessed in the country for thirty years.—Detroit (Mich.) *Times*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is soon to come out for Taft, we are told. That poor man Taft seems to have all sorts of ill luck.

—Racine (Wis.) *Journal-News*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY says that "the President is practically beaten for renomination"; that "everything points to the nomination of either Roosevelt or Hughes." Has COLLIER'S seen any outsider in possession of the National Committee's goat?

—Eau Claire (Wis.) *Telegram*.

Mr. Roosevelt, with that persistent, continuous and progressively malignant disregard for the truth which has characterized his campaign, keeps on designating R. A. Ballinger as the Taft leader in this State. COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which is suffering from the same general form of paranoia, also continues to make Ballinger the head of the Taft movement.

—Tacoma (Wash.) *Daily News*.

COLLIER'S recognizes the danger that confronts the country, but espouses the cause of the high priest of disturbance, Mr. Roosevelt. It needs a statesman to deal with the danger that COLLIER'S points out, not a rough rider.

—Mobile (Ala.) *Item*.

"As was recently said by COLLIER'S WEEKLY, this industrial progress in the Southern States is the most important economic phenomenon occurring on the American continent."—Governor EMMET O'NEAL in Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY said a few weeks ago that Wilson would be the Democratic nominee if the rank and file of the party had much to do with the selection of a candidate. It is the realization of this fact, the downright terror—created by Wilson's appeal for the exercise by the people of their hard-won privileges—of a vast but peaceful upheaval, resulting in the disestablishment of entrenched bosses and interests, that is at the bottom of the mustering of the Bourbons and the shivering of the little Warwick of the land.

—Savannah (Ga.) *Press*.

In so far as COLLIER'S WEEKLY means to say that Champ Clark would be the

weakest candidate the Democrats could put out, its conclusion is too well founded to warrant contradiction.

—Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner*.

COLLIER'S, an independent magazine of great influence, has espoused the cause of Woodrow Wilson from the early stages of the present campaign with unusual force and clearness. No men in this country get a broader view of conditions than those directing the editorial policy of COLLIER'S, and their opinion and estimate of men and affairs is worthy of consideration.—Spartansburg (S. C.) *Herald*.

COLLIER'S states the situation accurately when it says the safest course of the Democrats is to nominate the man who will take a large slice of the independent vote. None of the four candidates going before the Baltimore Convention but Woodrow Wilson can do this.

—Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner*.

CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO. Although we are a long way from the headquarters of COLLIER'S, we people away down this way believe that this is as much the home of COLLIER'S as New York. The nation is the home of this great magazine.

COLLIER'S is a great force in forming public opinion and in shaping the new thoughts and progressive ideas which are taking hold of the people of this new State since Statehood has come to us.

T. JEWETT MABRY.

Editor Clovis (N. Mex.) *Journal* and State Senator.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is pointing out that President Taft is under the influence of the impure food manufacturers and that he keeps Tama Jim Wilson in his Cabinet in order not to offend these wholesale murderers and precipitate a war within a war while the campaign is on.

—Paducah (Ky.) *News-Democrat*.

A weekly magazine which makes a business of tearing down the reputations of public men in order to build up its own circulation has been printing a series of attacks on Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson. It has expressed the intention openly of driving Secretary Wilson out of President Taft's Cabinet. Because another Cabinet member once resigned following a similar series of attacks, the managers of this magazine may think they can achieve a like result in Secretary Wilson's case.

—The National Provisioner.

As the most annoying combination of words in common use, COLLIER'S WEEKLY picks "leaps and bounds." But there are some individuals in the United States who have reason to pick COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

—Little Rock (Ark.) *Gazette*.

As a flagrant example of saffron bumcombe, COLLIER'S WEEKLY outranks the yellowest of the New York dailies.

—Mobile (Ala.) *Daily Item*.

DENVER, COLO. COLLIER'S is the one publication that we can look to lead the fight for honesty in advertising. AARON RACHOFSKY, Publisher, the *Jewish Outlook*.

Readers of Mr. Johnson's articles in COLLIER'S will realize how men carry out into life the views of youth.

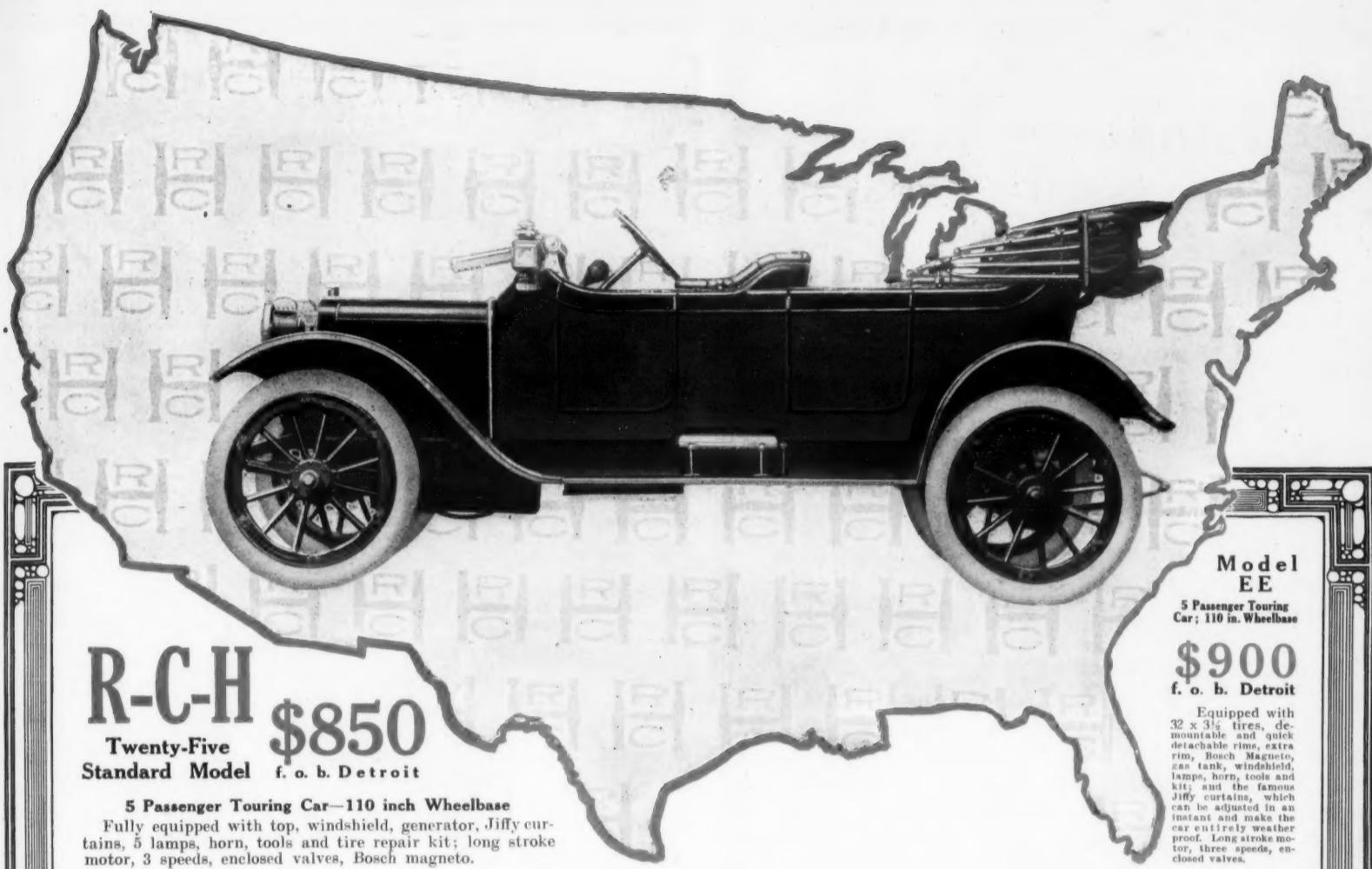
—Savannah (Ga.) *Press*.

In spite of Owen Johnson's arraignment of the colleges in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, a university education has its benefits. In addition to acquiring a formula that is of great assistance in playing rotation pool, we learned in college to blow smoke rings and to sing a second to "My Comrades, When I'm No More Drinking," wherein we have our nonuniversity friends at an immeasurable disadvantage. What did you acquire at college?

—New York *Evening Mail*.

COLLIER'S picks "leaps and bounds" as "the most annoying ready-made phrase." That is worrying, but what about "in no uncertain words"?

—Kansas City (Mo.) *Times*.



**R-C-H** \$850  
Twenty-Five Standard Model f. o. b. Detroit

5 Passenger Touring Car—110 inch Wheelbase  
Fully equipped with top, windshield, generator, Jiffy curtains, 5 lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit; long stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, Bosch magneto.

Model EE

5 Passenger Touring Car; 110 in. Wheelbase

\$900  
f. o. b. Detroit

Equipped with  
32 x 3½ in. demountable and quick detachable rims, extra rim, Bosch Magneto, gas tank, windshield, lamps, horn, tools and kit; and the famous Jiffy curtains which can be adjusted in an instant and make the car entirely weather proof. Long stroke motor, three speeds, enclosed valves.

## WE WANT 1000 DEALERS TO SEND IN THE COUPON BELOW

HERE'S good news for the many dealers who wrote us during the early part of the year, but with whom we could not make arrangements because our entire 1912 output of 10,000 cars was already oversold.

Many sections had to go without R-C-H representation simply because we could not manufacture nearly enough cars to fill the demand.

For the coming season, however, things will be different. We shall make 30,000 R-C-H cars. We are allowing a fair proportion for our present dealers—though their enthusiasm demands the entire output.

But we shall still have several thousand cars to allot to dealers in territory where we are not now represented—some of it among the best sales territory in the country.

We want an R-C-H dealer covering every county in the United States. In the large city, in the small town, on the farm, the R-C-H makes an instant appeal to the great bulk of prospective motor car buyers.

We do not think that a car which so nearly fills the ideal of the average motorist has ever before been offered within a thousand dollars of the R-C-H price. We do not think that greater all around satisfaction can be purchased anywhere for a thousand dollars more. But of that we prefer

**GENERAL R-C-H SPECIFICATIONS**—Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3½ inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. Drive—Left-side. Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch wheel. Control—Center lever operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. Springs—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. Frame—Pressed steel channel. Axles—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. Body—English type, extra wide seats. Wheelbase—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

to let you judge yourself, after you have noted the special features and construction details, and have studied the car itself.

We may add that we shall continue an advertising campaign in national mediums, local newspapers, trade papers and farm publications, on a scale commensurate with our output.

Your problem, Mr. Dealer, is to give your public the car that best meets their needs. List over in your mind the possible motor car buyers in your locality. Think just what each of them demands in his car. Then note what the R-C-H offers them. We think you'll agree that there's no other car which has so many different selling points.

Now, then, send in the coupon below. It won't bind you in any way, and it won't bind us. But it will give us a chance to get in touch, to learn more about each other, and perhaps to form a permanent arrangement.

**Permanence**—that is our idea, we don't want the one-season man, the vacillating man, the doubtful man. We've got the plant, we've got the car, we've got the price. If you've got the ginger, the hustle, the stick-to-itiveness, write quick. For there's a better present and a bigger future for you with the R-C-H than anywhere else in the industry.

YOU CONVINCE US, AND WE'LL CONVINCE YOU

**R-C-H CORPORATION, 109 LYCASTE STREET, Detroit, Mich.**

**BRANCHES:**

Atlanta, 548 Peachtree St.  
Boston, 563 Boylston St.  
Buffalo, 1225 Main St.  
Chicago, 2021 Michigan Ave.  
Cleveland, 2122 Euclid Ave.  
Denver, 1520 Broadway.

**BRANCHES:**

Minneapolis, 1206 Hennepin Ave.  
New York, 1989 Broadway.  
Philadelphia, 330 No. Broad St.  
Detroit, Woodward and Warren Aves.  
Kansas City, 3501 Main St.  
Los Angeles, 1242 So. Flower St.

**R-C-H CORPORATION, 109 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Mich.**

I want to know more about your car and your dealers' proposition.

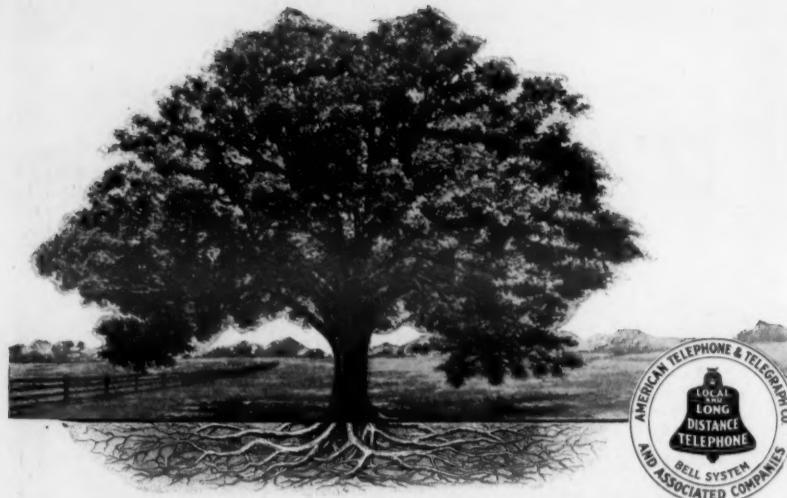
I am now selling ..... cars. My allotment is ..... cars.

Name ..... Address .....

Town ..... State .....

*SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY*





## The Tree System—The Bell System

A NOBLE tree thrives because the leaves, twigs, branches, trunk and roots are all working together, each doing its part so that all may live.

Neither the roots nor the branches can live without the other, and if the trunk is girdled so that the sap cannot flow, the tree dies.

The existence of the tree depends not only on the activity of all the parts, but upon their being always connected together in the "tree system."

This is true also of that wonderful combination of wires, switchboards, telephones, employes and subscribers which helps make up what is called the Bell Telephone System.

It is more than the vast machinery of communication, covering the country from ocean to ocean. Every part is alive, and each gives additional usefulness to every other part.

The value of telephone service depends not only on the number of telephones, but upon their being always connected together, as in the Bell System.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

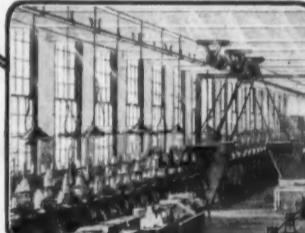
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## Whither Thou Goest

(Continued from page 21)



"Chief, what did you have on that Turner girl?"

The chief breathed a soft command, the wedge crashed, the bolts burst, and we were in—an empty room.

There was an awkward pause, it seemed to me for an hour; it may have been but a minute, while Leslie slipped back into his holster that ugly gun of his. Lanagan was turning slowly, examining every corner of the room. His eyes were living, snapping fire.

"I guess, chief," he drawled, "I won't make the reservations to-day for that little trip of mine."

THE bed was unmade, but the room showed no traces of recent occupation save several empty medicine bottles from which the labels had been washed, and on a closet shelf a paper sack half full of almonds. There were almond shells on the floor. For the rest the room held but the ordinary appurtenances of a room of its kind: washstand, bowl, towels and rack, and cheap dresser.

The landlady was summoned. She was more surprised than Lanagan or the chief. She had not seen the girl return; had not seen the pair depart; had believed that the man was too sick to leave his bed.

Galvanic Leslie, within an hour, had men at the ferry building, at the Third and Townsend Street Depot, covering every boathouse that had launches or tugs for hire; the suburban electric lines were covered and the county roads leading south. The great mantrap that so easily can be thrown around the peninsula of San Francisco, the trap that time and again has caught the thieves of the world when they have fled for haven to the Western Coast metropolis, was set. And yet so quietly was the work done, so implicitly had Leslie impressed upon every district captain, every detective, every patrolman concerned with the story, the necessity for absolute secrecy that not one of the other great papers of San Francisco knew that the jaws of that trap were gaping hungrily. Probably there was no reporter save Lanagan who could have broken into that story once Leslie had commanded his men to secrecy. They knew what disloyalty to that disciplinarian meant too well to trifle with him.

WITHIN the city proper plain-clothes men by shoals flooded every hotel and lodging house that might by any possibility harbor the pair. The hospitals were watched; half a dozen doctors known to Leslie worked among their professional brothers, but no one was attending such a man as Turner.

And the wonder grew to Lanagan that

the story, scattered now well over the city, was even yet escaping the innumerable sources of news of the "Times" and the braggart "Herald," to say nothing of the evening papers, the "Record" and the "Tribune." In such fashion, though, by grace of newspaper luck, are the greatest successes scored after they have knocked around under the very feet of half the newspaper men of a city.

Of that army of plain-clothes men none worked harder than Lanagan. For days I did not see him. Sometimes I would locate him in the foulest sinks of the Barbary Coast or Chinatown. Here, with products brewed in some witch's caldron, he would be in fraternity, trying ceaselessly to tap that underground wire by which the convict bayed in a great city sends word to his kind. But always he failed. "Kid" Monahan labored in vain; "Red" Murphy, credited with knowing more thieves than all the coast saloon men put together, could secure no trace; Turner, or Short, had found no refuge in the hutes of the drug or the opium fiends. Lanagan met men who should have been in San Quentin; one night he crossed "Slivers" Martin, who had broken from a deputy sheriff and escaped a ten-year sentence. Slivers was waiting until he could get out of the city. Yet even Slivers knew nothing of such a one as Turner. Finally Lanagan turned his attention to the residence sections.

AT times he would drag me with him. For hours he would ramble up one street and down another, always trying the fruit stands, the grocery stores, the delicatessen stores, and always he asked one question: Did a blond young woman, with dark blue eyes, blue tailored suit, quick, nervous walk, come in and buy nuts, particularly almonds? A dozen times the answer was yes. And when the customer was not known to the proprietor, Lanagan would take up his watch, tireless, indefatigable, and wait until that person appeared or passed on the street. Always he met with failure.

Lanagan, always gaunt, became cadaverous. For four days I lost him. I worried and spent my nights trying to locate him, but his old haunts knew him not. One day there came a call for me.

"You, Norrie?" It was Lanagan's voice; it sounded thin and tired. "I've landed. Come to Eddy and Van Ness. Got your gun?"

A quick shiver went over me. The climax had come. I borrowed Sampson's gun, having left mine home.

"Heard from Lanagan, have you?"



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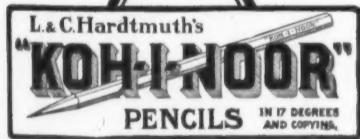
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## Whither Thou Goest

(Continued from page 82)

asked that austere individual. I nodded. "Has he landed? Yes? Good luck," said Sampson, his eyes sparkling. He knew that Lanagan's pride, after the first fiasco, prevented his ringing up until the story was clinched.

"Give Lanagan my regards. Let us hear from you. It is not necessary to tell either you or Lanagan to do your best for speed."

SAMPSON, reckoned the coldest-blooded city editor in the West, was yet the most responsive to a story. He was a driver, but he knew how to humor men. I disliked him personally, and would avoid him out of the office, but in harness would have worked both legs to the ankle for him. Most of the men on his staff had that fanatical loyalty for him as a city editor; yet outside they seldom spoke of him save to damn. Curious breed, reporters.

To his credit as a city editor, in all of those two weeks he had not complained. He spoke about Lanagan to me only twice. He knew I was worried, and knew, I think, that I had spent many a night searching for him, finally to appear for work without sleep. But he knew that Lanagan was out for the paper first, last, and all the time; knew that that bloodhound quality of sticking to the trail would never let him quit till he had proved that there was no way of landing the story.

Lanagan's appearance shocked me. He had not shaved for a week. Rings were under his eyes, red-lidded for want of sleep. His pale cheeks held an unhealthy flush and he coughed once or twice in a fashion I did not like, but that old magnetic smile was there.

"Scared as a rabbit, I'll bet, and wishing you'd insured your life first," he laughed, pulling me into a doorway. Then, more seriously: "Norrie, I'm just a wandering hulk, a derelict; whatever you will. My passing would be nothing to a soul on earth."

I had never heard Lanagan speak in that way.

"No soul on earth," he repeated.

THEN he swept me with those luminous eyes of his, and they were as clear and as unclouded as my own. I knew that I had caught a swift glimpse as the shutter opened upon the vista of his past; that secret past that now I understood.

For a moment I was conscious of nothing save that this man whom I loved like a brother was in pain and I could do nothing for him. With his swift perceptions, Lanagan had caught my mood and our hands met; that lean, sinewy hand was as firm as steel. Then, with his facile art, he had thrown aside his humor of introspection and spoke briskly.

"Norrie, I don't want to tangle you with this against your will. This man, I believe, is the hardest game this city has held in my time or yours. He will die with his stockings on. It looks like gun play."

Frankly, I was for quitting, inwardly. Outwardly, because of that mesmeric way of his, that teasing, superior tone, I was all for the climax. Besides, I did not want to leave him to himself in that humor to go into a mess; I knew his reckless ways too well.

We walked rapidly up Eddy Street and turned on Franklin until near the corner of O'Farrell, where, entering a flat, Lanagan led the way to the top story. Here we entered an unfinished alcove room in the rear with a dormer window covered by a heavy curtain of burlap. The slightest possible rent had been made in the curtain. Lanagan told me to look. Opposite was a dormer window corresponding to our own, the next house being one of similar design. The alley between was possibly ten feet. Our window was the only one that could command the other.

In the opposite house the curtain was of ordinary heavy lace. After peering intently for a time, I could distinguish through it a woman's figure and a bed, upon which a form could be discerned.

"There you are, Norrie. That man shows his caliber by moving round the corner from his former home while the police look for him elsewhere. He knows by now the police descriptions are here; that I must have recognized him, and that the hunt is on. My almond trail landed when I came back to this territory just on the final chance that the man was big enough to figure out that his surest safety lay right here. She has been out but a few times, buying those eternal almonds. Malted milk has been added to his diet.



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## Whither Thou Goest

(Concluded from page 33)

too. I picked her up, trailed her, and the rest was easy.

"The man's stomach is gone. Incidentally, they owe a week's rent there, and she is living mostly on almonds now, too; so I guess the exchequer is pretty low. I didn't suppose there were any more women left in the world like that. This girl, born of good family, daughter of a minister, takes up with that triple-stained murderer and sticks. She surely took that honor and obey in epic earnest—if she married him; if not, why, the more credit to her for sticking. . . .

"It isn't for us to judge, Norrie. Keep your eye glued to that hole while I go into the next room—I've rented this attic, by the way—and grind out copy."

IT was four o'clock then; at nine Lanagan ceased writing. He had made in longhand 6,000 words of as clean-cut, brilliant a narrative story of its kind as, under similar pressure, has ever appeared in print. As in all of Lanagan's stories, it was "the police" who had learned this and that. Lanagan has made several detective sergeants in his time.

"Leslie will meet us here at one o'clock. We must keep the smash until two, fire the story at Sampson by telephone to lead off my stuff with; hold them in the room until three, and we beat the town again."

He hurried out to return in half an hour. He had telephoned to Sampson that the story would break about two o'clock and to hold the paper until he had heard from us; then he had sent his copy down by messenger boy and loaded up on a bundle of the choicest of the rank brand of Manilas he chose at times to affect. I noticed as he lit a match that his hands shook. I wanted him to lie down until one, but his only answer was to fix me with those eyes of his, glowing like a cat's in the darkness (we were smoking with the lighted ends of our cigars held inside our hats, so careful was Lanagan lest any trace be given to the opposite room), and he laughed that curious laugh of his.

"When this is over, Norrie," he said, "I'll sleep for a week. Half that \$5,000 is mine; you and Leslie and the others can divide the rest."

Really, I saw Lanagan in my mind's eye already snooping and prying around those Paris byways; it sounded too assured as he said it. I wondered whether I cared for blood money; figured that I would accept it, and began pleasantly in the gloom to spend my "bit" with much contentment. I concluded I would accompany Lanagan on that Paris trip.

ONE O'CLOCK came, and with it Leslie Brady, Wilson, and Maloney. Brady was put at the aperture. A faint light in the opposite room brought the two figures out into bold relief. The rest of us moved to the outer room, where the plain-clothes men slipped their revolvers to their side coat pockets. I wished lonesomely that I had brought two and that I might feel braver, although I had as much chance of shooting a revolver with my left hand without disaster as of sailing an aeroplane with either. At that I believe I would have felt more in the picture with two.

The plan was to pull a fire alarm, and as soon as the engines clattered into the street, scatter to the top story, rap on the door as if to warn the occupants, take them off their guard when the door was opened, and the thing was done. That program was carried out. When the apparatus swung up from O'Farrell, filling the still night air with those strident bells of terror and alarm, we sped to the top floor and made the corridor.

"Fire! Fire!" It was Brady's hoarse voice; and even I thrilled, it was done so realistically. I, as the one most likely unknown to the pair, had been selected to take their door. I rapped loudly and shouted the alarm. Brady was on one side of me, Lanagan on the other. Wilson, Maloney, and the chief on either side again in the dark hall, flattened to the wall, guns drawn ready for the rush. The door opened six inches; a startled, wan face with lustrous blue eyes, shining vividly above deep circles of black, looked into mine through the aperture. Possibly something in my face, possibly native suspicion and fear, induced her to essay to slam the door. I pushed my shoulder to the door and shoved, Brady at one shoulder, Lanagan at the other. She gave back with one more wide-eyed look that went over my shoulder and caught the gray-bearded chief, known to her, huddled back for fear of that very thing.

There came one shrill scream: "Harry! The police!" and she had turned and fled and we pushed in vain—the door was chained! One united crash again, the fastenings gave just as the slight figure, quicker than a swallow, had darted within the inner room and slammed the door shut in our faces. A bolt shot to place as a bullet from within tore through the paneling and clipped the rim of Brady's hat, and that towering figure bore back out of range and swung us in a mass with him. Two more shots tore through and sprayed us with splinters. We flattened against the wall.

"The jig is up, Short; you may as well come out."

IT was Leslie, calm as if he were delivering orders to his chauffeur. A shot rewarded him, impinging perilously close to his shoulder. The man within was dying with the convict's last desperate ambition to take a policeman with him. We dropped flat. There was a pause, while Brady and Leslie counseled in whispers whether to risk a rush. The silence became acute, punctuated now and then by whisperings from the inner room.

It sounded as if she were pleading with him; his note of finality could not be mistaken, although the words were not heard. Another silence, and then to our straining ears, rising clearly above the din and clamor of doors below stairs opening and shutting, of shoutings and excited cries, came a trembling voice floating through the jagged holes of the inner door—trembling with the strength or the ardor of a determination rather than any dread or fear:

"Then, Harry, take me, too! Take me, too!"

"No, Cecile, no!"

There was silence again from within; and again that voice, now touched with pleading still more earnest:

"It is only right, Harry dear; all that the world held I sacrificed for you. If you don't take me, I will follow you!"

Prolonged to acuteness became the silence again; the man's voice, hoarse, gasping, finally came:

"Pray, Cecile."

And again that voice, trembling, yet clear as the beautiful sweeping chords of a harp, came floating with the acrid revolver smoke through the jagged, ugly rents in the paneling, and seemed to flood the room with something almost like a visible radiance:

"Our Father, who art in heaven!"

I SAW Maloney, his blue-nosed revolver in hand, half risen, make the sign of the adoration, touching his forehead and his chest with that grim muzzle. Leslie stood slowly upright, his massive head sunk into his breast. Lanagan breathed hard and deep. It was awesome; we were held in the spell of that strange and extraordinary occurrence. On that beautiful voice went to the end:

"And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. Amen."

"Amen!" echoed the murderer's choking voice.

"The door! To save her!"

It was Leslie's electric whisper, and at his signal we crashed with our united strength. With the crashing came two shots, and I caught Lanagan's harsh curse at my ear and his swift mutter: "Too late!" The door gave.

She knelt with her head fallen upon her clasped hands, just as she had knelt in that final prayer, beside the bed. He was lying back upon the pillow.

There was no dry eye there. Veteran thief takers, men who had stood with their back to the wall and death baying them a score of times; men who would risk the billy or knife or gun as blithely as they would go to their morning meal; to whom suffering and violence and death were daily allotments, bowed themselves before the melancholy end of that misguided girl.

Yet possibly, for her, it was better so.

IT was Lanagan's voice that brought me back. Lanagan, answering the newspaper call, with the dominant newspaper demand still strong upon him and over him; Lanagan, quick with instinctive thought for the high-strung, chafing Sampson down at the "Enquirer" office and the presses waiting for the release gong; Lanagan, the genius of his craft, asserting once again his incomparable newspaper superiority to me, still dreaming the precious seconds away at the pathetic fate of that poor piece of clay kneeling there; Lanagan, crisply as a colonel in the field, snapped:

"Scatter, Norrie, for a 'phone!"

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## As It Was in the Beginning

(Concluded from page 19)

than I. I couldn't have done such a thing to him. Something is wrong, Roger—something surely is."

QUICKLY the man spoke, and ardently: "Janet, see here. All this is an argument on my side. Don't you see? We are not children, you and I. We are not even young. Marrying at our age, with our eyes open, would be a very different matter."

"Don't you believe it, Roger; don't think it for a moment. I know men better than you do; yes, and women too. If I married you now, it would be for the same reason I married Julian so long ago. Don't you know I'm made of flesh and blood the same as you? Roger, dear," beguilingly, "let's give it up. I'm truly not half the person you think I am, not half—and it would simply kill the last spark in me to have you get so used to me that you'd think of me as you do of the coffeepot, or the dinner table, or to have you go on reading the paper, and not know I came into the room. It would actually kill me dead. No, no, Roger. Ask me something else. I'm done with marriage," with a finality in her voice that was very real, and she lay back in her chair.

THE deed was done. She had made her plea, and she waited languidly, her eyes wandering in the moonlight. Suddenly the man arose. He stood still a moment with his eyes on the woman waiting beside him, then walked hastily to the end of the porch, where he stood looking, as did she, out across the pleasant valley and the lights of the village over to the mountains that make the edge of the world.

Should he take her at her word? Could he take her at her word? Go away and leave her, to-night, forever? His heart tightened. Ah, she was fair! Could he go away from her? Why, she was part of him already!

Suddenly he decided. Turning, he walked back, the length of the porch. But as he stood again by her side, he hesitated, and when he spoke, the words came quickly:

"Janet, Janet, see here. Do you realize—you must realize that nothing—noting at all can change me. I will not give you up. And you have said you care!" His voice ceased for a moment, and the silent figure stirred but did not turn its head.

"Of course, I don't know how it would be—going into it at our age—and I don't care what the reason is that will drive you to me. I don't care at all. And I'm not sure about myself, Janet; I am only just a man, you know. Maybe the time might come when I'd go on reading the paper and not know you had come into the room, as you say. Even I might get so used to you that you'd seem like the coffeepot or the dinner table. I don't know. It doesn't seem so. It does not seem as though, even if I had been dead a thousand years, I should not know just where you were—I'm only flesh and blood, so I can't tell.

"But, Janet, look here: don't you know I can't do without you? You are part of my life. Always you are in my thought. Always I am talking to you—to you, Janet, whether I am with you or not. And I have to know where you are, every minute, or I am not satisfied. Janet, you will not send me away?"

NOT yet did she speak, though the man saw by the tense line of her figure that she was not unmoved.

"Yes, I am only flesh and blood, so I can't tell. But one thing I know—" and his voice sank—"one thing I know, and that is that I love you with every drop of blood in my body, that I have loved you ever since that night you spoke of when I looked at you across the room, and that I'll love you better than life itself—every minute—until I am dead," and the man's voice broke, and in the stillness the woman could almost hear the beating of his heart.

"Roger," she whispered finally, "are you sure, sure, that you care for me so much as that? Think hard, Roger, for I want to know. You can't care like that!"

The man came a step nearer. "Care for you, my love, care for you!" and the echo in her voice was repeated in his. "There never has been a minute since I've known you that I have not loved you. And think, Janet, in all these

years I've never had you in my arms! Never even kissed you, Janet, my Janet—not one time!"

JANET shivered and covered her face with her hands. Then:

"Roger!" slowly, "if it's that way with you, I'll be your wife."

"But when?"—the man made no move.

"When you will," said the voice he loved, at last. Now he turned quickly, as though in haste, and with a straightening of the shoulders. Walking to the door, he entered the house, Janet following him with her eyes curiously. Events were passing out of her hands, it seemed. In a minute he returned, bringing a light cape and scarf.

"Come," he said simply. Involuntarily she arose, strangely affected by his manner.

"Roger!" she said.

"When I will" means 'now,' Janet. That's all!"

"Now?" with a gasp.

"This very minute," he returned shortly. "Do you think I am going to run any risk?"

And she, awed by his passion and by the leap of her own heart in her breast, recognizing, too, with a thrill the compulsion of the iron arm that bore her along, made no resistance.

Swiftly he led her down the steps and into the waiting car; swiftly he drove the car down the road, toward the twinkling village.

"But the license, Roger. We'll have to wait for that." The man slowed the machine that he might take a paper from his pocket.

"I've carried this day and night for a year, Janet," shortly, as he replaced it.

"But it's no good. I never signed it," she said.

"Oh, yes, you did one day. I had to have it, you know."

BUT they were drawing up at the little parsonage. The clear-eyed rector seemed unsurprised, and the forms were quickly gone through. Almost before she knew it they were again in the car, Roger and she, ascending the hill. Now they were in the driveway, now at her door, and now—and now she was sitting in the same chair, looking again off over the village, to the mountains that made the edge of the world.

And suddenly a panic seized her. What had she done? Could that be Roger sitting there? Roger, her friend? Was it all over? All the years of friendship, of companionship, of watchfulness? Had she lost? What should she do?

A LMOST in terror she turned, and in the uncertain light found the man's eyes looking into hers. Yes, it was Roger—just the same old Roger—who was looking at her, who was speaking to her—in just the same old voice.

"Dearest," the voice said, the sweetest voice in the world, "trust yourself a little—and me. Don't be so fearful. We've never failed each other yet."

"You are sure it's you, Roger?" she found voice to reply.

"Child, I don't know." And his voice was harsh. "How can I tell? I had to have you! But I can't talk to-night when I'm mad, mad, for the touch of you," and, rising, he walked toward the steps.

The woman watched him as in a dream. What did he need of his coat, of his hat? Was he going away?

She did not move until his foot was on the step of the car. Hastily, impetuously, she arose, threw aside her wrappings, and followed him to the top of the step.

"Roger!"

"Roger, come back!"

The man did not heed her first cry, but at the second he turned.

"Come back, Roger!" Slowly he returned until he reached the foot of the steps and stood looking up at her, his face white in the moonlight.

T HE woman waited a moment, then, with a gesture of utter abandonment, she went swiftly down the steps. As she placed her hands on his shoulders, she felt his strong frame tremble.

"Roger, don't you know I love you? That I love you as you do me—more than life itself? I have to have you, Roger—I have to have you. Don't you understand?" with a sob.

And the man took her in his arms.

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## Rabbi Wise

(Continued from page 16)

few hundred could have been found who did not frankly sympathize with Ruef, the indicted boss, who was a Hebrew.

From that third anniversary day, when so many great men had come to testify to their regard and appreciation, the ministry of Stephen S. Wise has gone steadily forward. His influence in the United States has broadened and deepened.

### LOSSES AND GAINS

**A**MONG the eight or nine hundred orthodox synagogue organizations, Dr. Wise has built up a most unorthodox synagogue of six hundred members. True, there are continual losses. Dr. Wise lost members when he attacked Croker—lost members when he espoused the cause of the shirtwaist strikers—yet he keeps on attacking and keeps on espousing. He lost his largest contributor when he went into a series of union meetings with two neighboring churches, but he went into the union meetings again this year. And the gains are more than the losses. Long ago they left the little church in Eighty-first Street for commodious Carnegie Hall. Starting with nothing, they have paid \$177,000 for a property on Sixty-eighth Street near Central Park, where is their synagogue house and social center. Downtown, at Clinton Hall, they have a Free Synagogue Center with an organization of one hundred members, all among the young Jews. Their immediate ambition is a synagogue center in the Bronx, in Brownsville, in Williamsburg, and each Ghetto district. The budget last year was \$33,000, forty-five per cent of which went into social service.

As from the healthful growth of Dr. Wise's congregation, which, it must be remembered, is only one among eight or nine hundred, the measure of his influence is not easily determined. Undoubtedly he has an influence. Probably it is a growing one, but the Jewish world has by no means gone away after this babbler concerning old wines in new skins.

### NOT AN ICONOCLAST

**W**HEN, for instance, he tweaked Croker by the nose with such vigor that he was never again able to get his halo on straight, a few of his race wrote him complimentary words; but one declared his free synagogue to be "Meshugge," which, being interpreted, is a crazy house, and catalogued him as a "notoriety-seeking blatherskite." Now blatherskite is rather a hard word to hurl at a minister whom presidents and governors, press and people have delighted to honor, but it is very much to be feared that among the nine hundred thousand Jews in New York who thought about it at all, a majority inclined to the blatherskite opinion, all of which would indicate that the way of the reformer is as hard in Jewry as elsewhere. Neither is there much doubt that the majority of his race regard as gratuitous impertinence his frankly confessed aim to save Israel from itself. They sneer while he talks of rescuing Israel from the twin burdens of traditionalism and commercialism, of whipping the money changers out of the temple, of taking the flesh hooks of the pew-rent system out of the hands of the keeper of the synagogue, and of winnowing out on the threshing floor of debate the wheat of religion from the chaff and straw of sacerdotalism. Yet Rabbi Wise with all his contrariness and cantankerousness and sensationalism—these are the adjectives of his detractors—is not an iconoclast nor a destructivist. He objects vigorously and vociferously to the new composite religion which Zangwill foresees in "The Melting Pot" as arising out of a flux of all religions. Dr. Wise will have none of such an idea. He believes that the Jewish religion is the best religion. He believes that in Moses, Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah, and the prophetic appeal to the righteousness of the law lies the Comstock lode of religious truth.

### HIS PROGRAM—SOCIAL SERVICE

**T**HE devoted, almost infatuated membership of the Free Synagogue is declaring his object, "to convert Jews to that which they are fast losing—if it be not wholly lost—the faith and life of Israel." Paraphrasing Emerson, he asks: "In Israel, where is the Israelite? There are sham Jews, just as there are sham Christians, not because they do not, like the orthodox, conform outwardly, but because, like both the orthodox and unorthodox, they do not conform inwardly."

His confession of his desire for them is: "I would have the Jew be something

## MILITARY



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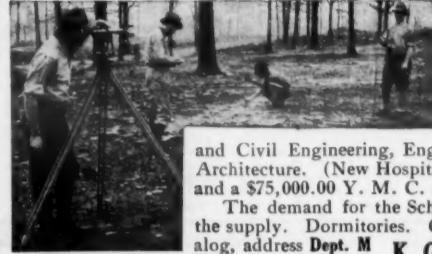
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## Rabbi Wise

(Concluded from page 37)

more than merely a non-Christian. I would that he be affirmatively, constructively, rejoicingly, nobly Jewish."

And this while his critics are referring to his as "the Torahless, Sabbathless synagogue."

In a practical way the consuming passion as well as the constructive program of his life is summed up in two words—Social Service. The Free Synagogue was not so much organized to conserve something as to serve something. He declared "Every member of the synagogue will be encouraged and persuaded to perform some kind of social service."

### POLITICALLY AN INSURGENT

HIS preaching bristles with epigrams. Take this for an example: "To dare to fail is noble, whereas to fail to dare is ignoble." His sermons abound in phrases, characterizations, and epitomes that gleam with the hardness of a polished literary style. Take this: "The welter of unorganized Jewry," or this, speaking of the Davidic authorship of the Psalms: "This world's hymnal was written by no man however mighty his genius but sang itself out of the heart of Israel during centuries of hope and triumph, doubt and defeat." Or when he spoke of Lincoln as "mothered by his own mother, not smothered by a hireling governess or tutor." In a sermon on the parent and the child he declared: "One knows of people who are rich enough to own a dozen houses and withal too poor to possess a single home."

But we have by no means boxed the compass of Rabbi Wise's activities and abilities when we have considered him as a theological insurgent and oratorical phrase maker.

Politically also, he is an insurgent, a protestant, an idealist. Although born in Hungary, he boasts of his Americanism—boasts that the institutions of this country are immeasurably dearer to him, to those of his race and of other immigrant races than they can possibly be to the native-born. He is profoundly interested in all practical problems growing out of the administration of our charities, both public and private. He has the Hebrew's capacity for practical details and the seer's vision of a bettering day. With his hands he rescues the drowning. With his voice he calls aloud for help. He knows that this country is fifty years behind England in its social legislation. He is working shoulder to shoulder with every sociologist who is at once advanced and practical. He still strikes Herculean, stinging blows. He still drops dynamite when he soars. He is still trying to see things as they are and to say them as he sees them.

His utterances on the San Francisco situation angered the head of a great corporation down in the financial district. He called the president of the Free Synagogue on the phone.

"Say," he said, "I wish you would shut up that rabbi of yours."

### STILL UNMUZZLED

THE president of the Free Synagogue smiled to himself. "You don't know Dr. Wise, do you?" he continued.

"No," snapped the man at the other end of the wire, "and I don't want to know him."

"Well, you better take it up with him personally," was the dry suggestion. "And say! if you get him to shut up, let me know."

Whether the president of the corporation acted on this suggestion is not known. No report has ever come from him. Judging from appearances, however, Stephen S. Wise is still unmuzzled.

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38



## In the Passing Show

*Verses by*  
HORACE HOWARD HERR

**II**  
Along the brick-hedged, stone paved trail, it silent strode,  
Oppressed, refusing to cry out,  
Unable to conceal the longing for  
The open fields and that primeval war  
Where Life was Victory and Death a-Rout  
Devoid of calumny, since it bore  
The vanquished to a blest and fairer far abode.

**V**  
But I—a stranger, much confused as she—and I  
Alone, took up the trail with her,  
And through the mart and market's strife we sped  
By sierred fields, by hills, or mountains wed  
With clouds, and on, until we were  
Far in the vast, brown desert of the Dead,  
And there were none to turn and stare at us and spy.

**VIII**  
"Great Spirit! Who may mend for us the broken jug?  
Yesterday has flown, we die;  
'Tis pictured on the city's wall, the pines,  
Bending to the ax, a thousand signs  
Speak mockingly to every searching eye.  
Is this the end to which our wide trail winds?  
We must pass on. Behold! For us the grave is dug."

**G**RIM tragedy strode through the thoroughfare this  
As mute as ancient sorrows are. [morn]  
'Twas as if Cibola's old oblivion  
Had given up a Phantom with the dawn  
Of stranger cycles than her own, by far,  
And as it moved mysteriously along  
There was no soul to answer to a soul forlorn.

**III**  
It heard Confusion speaking in her wildest tongue,  
And in it all, no sound a friend—  
No murmuring waters wooing ancient stones,  
No whispering spirits in the trees. But groans,  
And shrieks, and wailing as would rend  
The night when woes disturb the bleaching bones  
Of warriors stricken low, unburied and unsung.

**VI**  
Then did I see her take from off her bending back  
That youthful burden, with a care  
As tender, fond, as ever mother took  
A child; nor was that questioning look  
Unlike another in a face more fair,  
Which oft has spent my interest in my book  
Because it held that beauty all my poets lack.

**IX**  
"Great Spirit! Who may mend for us the broken jug?  
Who stop the arrow in its flight?  
Beyond the mesa have my people gone,  
And I—must follow with To-morrow's dawn.  
But this—this sleeping, silent mite—  
When the doe fall, what of the helpless fawn?  
I must pass on. Behold! For me the grave is dug."

*Photograph by*  
RALPH BAIRD

**IV**  
And through the city's din this beaded Phantom came,  
Face stolid, penetrating glance,  
As seeking there a prophecy, as though  
The day and hour held what she would know;  
Nor did she see, intent on her advance,  
How faces turned, with many smiles aglow—  
And none who smiled considered theirs the hurting shame.

**VII**  
Into the cradle of those willing, dark-hued arms  
She took this little soul—this child,  
Who in the city's street had been a jest—  
And pressed it tightly to her mother breast.  
Upon her lips began a chanting wild—  
'Twas such a song as stirs the clans oppressed,  
And men to valorous deeds, defying death, alarms.

**X**  
"Great Spirit! Who may mend for us the broken jug?  
Gone is my Brave; the feathered crest  
No more advances to the chase. The fire  
Before the wigwam has burned out. The ire  
Of the wind has reached my nest.  
What of this weakling bird—my last desire?  
I must pass on. Behold! For me the grave is dug."



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